

POWER

COMICS

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NO. 1





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

SPECIAL TELESCOPE OFFER!

Here is the most remarkable offer that we have ever made. Now you can see most everything you want to see! Now you can bring distant objects so clearly close to your eye that they will seem almost near enough to touch. Why feel frustrated and baffled by something far away that you want to see in full detail. Why be limited in your vision when you can multiply it 13 to 15 times with the amazing super-powered lenses in this GIANT telescope. Quickly overcome the handicap of distance . . . the magnification does it like magic. This new telescopic invention is a miracle of mass production economy and engineering ingenuity. Made of available war-time materials, it is the equal in performance of telescopes that sell for as much as \$15.00. Think of the wonderful fun you can have by extending your vision 30 miles in full, clear detail. Read on for full explanation of this really remarkable invention.

LARGE
PRECISION-
GROUND,
OPTICAL
LENSES

THIS GIANT, 30-MILE-RANGE, 4-FOOT SUPER-TELESCOPE

brings distant objects close to your eyes!

with SUPER-POWER

NOW—SEE GREAT OR SHORT DISTANCES—with CLOSE-UP DETAIL!

and this **FREE** CARRYING CASE!



This beautiful, military-looking carrying case is yours absolutely FREE with this offer. It is made of heavy canvas that fits over the telescope, making it easy to carry, and protects it from dust, dirt and rain. It fastens at the top by a draw-string, and can be secured easily and comfortably around your wrist. Carrying case is absolutely FREE with this offer so send the coupon today.

The GIANT SUPER-TELESCOPE has several precision-ground highly polished lenses. It extends to 4 feet in length, giving clear focus. It is light in weight, sturdily and handsomely constructed, with a wide magnification field. You don't have to know anything about telescopes to use it. Simply hold it to your eye, extend barrel, and all the wonders of scientific vision will be close up to your eyes. Because of mass production economies, we offer this telescope at an unbelievably low price. See birds, ball games, sporting events, beauties on the beach, ships and planes, in full detail. See people when they cannot see you. See wild life, mountains, the heavens in their full natural beautiful detail. The price of the GIANT SUPER-POWERED TELESCOPE is \$2.98 with this introductory offer. Most telescopes of this lense construction and size sell up to \$15.00. We cannot assure you that the supply will last so you must act fast!

5 DAYS FREE TRIAL—RUSH COUPON

Just send coupon with \$3.00 and get your GIANT TELESCOPE and FREE CARRYING CASE postage paid. If you prefer, just send coupon with no money and get yours C.O.D. at \$2.98 plus new C.O.D. and postage charges. Use it for 5 days and if you are not satisfied, return it and your purchase price will be refunded. Send coupon today! Invention Co., P.O. Box 281, Church St. Annex, New York 8, N. Y.



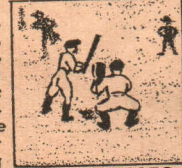
BEACHES



SEA AND SKY



BIRDS



BALL GAMES



SPORTS



THE HEAVENS

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- ☐ I am enclosing \$3.00. Send me TELESCOPE and FREE CARRYING CASE immediately. You pay postage. I can return in 5 days for full refund if I am not completely satisfied.
- ☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$2.98 plus new C.O.D. and postage charges on arrival. (Same money back guarantee as above).

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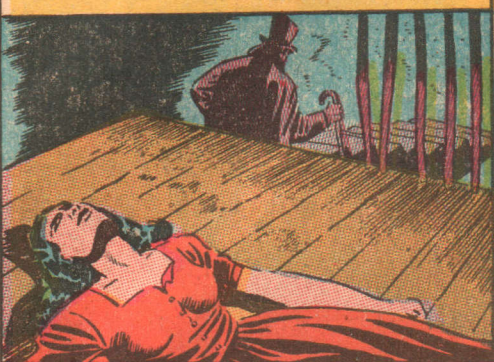


OUT OF THE PAST,
STALKS A HUN-
GRY MONSTER,
SEEKING ITS PREY...
WHO CAN COMBAT
THIS EVIL...? WHO
IS RESPONSIBLE FOR
HIS BEING...? READ
ON AND LEARN THE
HIDEOUS TRUTH
ABOUT THE
"BLOOD OF
the
WOLF!"

OUR STORY OPENS ON
A DISMAL LONDON
STREET AT MIDNIGHT--



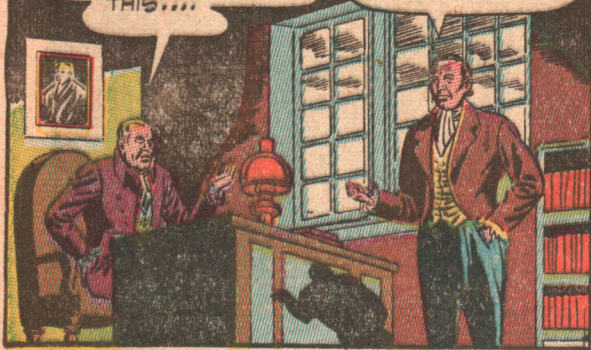
WHERE A
LONE FIEND SKULKS
AWAY FROM THE SCENE OF HIS CRIME!



THE NEXT MORNING, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS

ANOTHER MURDER!
SOMETHING'S **GOT**
TO BE DONE ABOUT
THIS....

THE PUBLIC IS
BEGINNING
TO CRITICIZE US!



SUDDENLY THE DOOR OPENS!

GENTLEMEN!



THIS IS A
PLEASANT
SURPRISE,
INSPECTOR
HARGROVE!

I THOUGHT I'D
VISIT YOU
CHAPS BEFORE
SCOTLAND YARD
STARTED AN
INVESTIGATION!

WHAT
CAN WE DO?
WE'RE
UP A TREE!

MAYBE THE
SOLUTION IS
SIMPLER THAN
YOU THINK!



THESE CRIMES INTEREST
ME...I AM SUPPOSED TO
BE ENGLAND'S FOREMOST
AMATEUR CRIME DETECTIVE!
THAT'S WHY I'M HERE --
I THINK I HAVE AN ANSWER
TO ALL THESE WEIRD
MURDERS!

WHAT
CAN IT BE?



THE VICTIMS HAVE
BEEN FOUND SCRATCHED
AND CLAWED AS IF THEY
WERE ATTACKED BY A
FEROCIOUS
ANIMAL --

QUITE
TRUE...
BUT WHO
DO YOU
THINK THIS
MONSTER
CAN BE?



THAT'S WHAT I'D LIKE TO
FIND OUT... BECAUSE I
HAVE A HUNCH... AND I'D
LIKE TO ASK YOU A FAVOR!



THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON IN THE OFFICES OF THE DAILY MAIL....

I SEE WHERE THE RETIRED INSPECTOR HARGROVE HAS INTERESTED HIMSELF IN THESE MURDERS!

I'M JOLLY WELL GLAD THAT HE HAS. I'LL FEEL SAFER ON THE STREETS AT NIGHT, KNOWING THAT INSPECTOR HARGROVE IS WORKING ON THE CASE!



AND, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

I'M GLAD THAT HARGROVE INTERESTED HIMSELF IN THIS MESS...WHAT WAS THE FAVOR HE ASKED YOU?

NOTHING MUCH, HE MERELY ASKED TO HAVE ME ASSIGN YOUNG CARL BRANDON TO WORK WITH HIM--



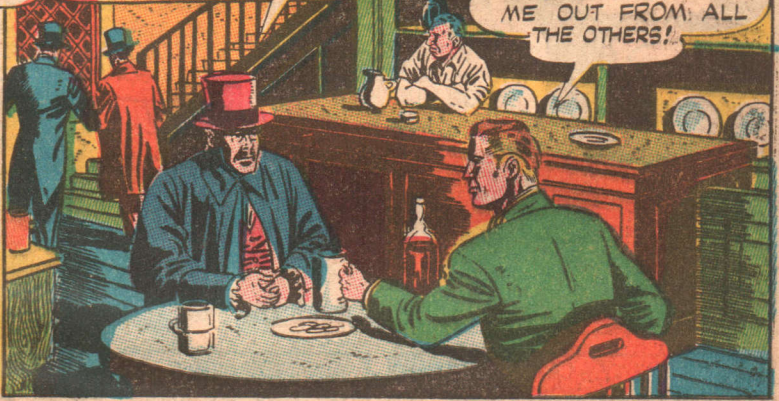
BRANDON? HE'S ONE OF YOUR YOUNGEST MEN, ISN'T HE?

HE IS... BUT HE'S VERY INTELLIGENT! HE'LL LEARN A LOT FROM INSPECTOR HARGROVE!

THAT NIGHT IN A LONDON RESTAURANT...

I SUPPOSE YOU'RE WONDERING WHY I CHOSE YOU TO HELP ME ON THIS CASE--?

YES...I AM-- I'M QUITE FLATTERED BECAUSE A PERSON WHO IS AS IMPORTANT AS YOU SHOULD SINGLE ME OUT FROM ALL THE OTHERS!



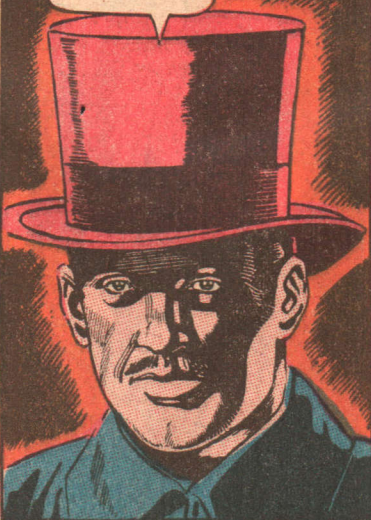
YOU'RE THE MOST INTELLIGENT OF THE LOT-- TO-NIGHT, WE'RE GOING TO HAVE AN UNUSUAL EXPERIENCE-- I THINK--

YOU MEAN THAT YOU--?

YES... I KNOW ALL ABOUT THE WEREWOLF...BUT I WANT YOU TO GET THE CREDIT FOR NABBING HIM-- NOT ME!

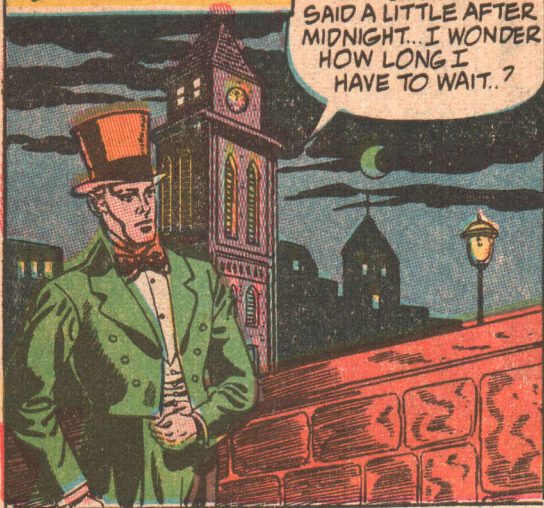
I WANT YOU TO MEET ME ON THE NORTH END OF LONDON BRIDGE JUST AFTER MIDNIGHT--WE CAN THEN GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS THING RIGHT AWAY!

ANYTHING YOU SAY, SIR... I'LL BE THERE!



A FEW HOURS LATER!

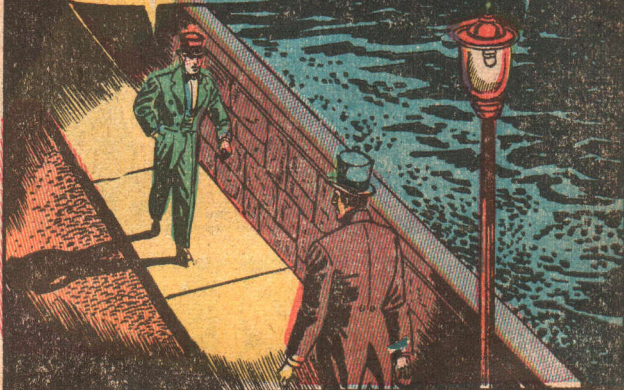
THE INSPECTOR SAID A LITTLE AFTER MIDNIGHT...I WONDER HOW LONG I HAVE TO WAIT..?



Then SUDDENLY FROM THE SHADOWS, THE FIGURE OF A MAN EMERGES...

HARRISON! GOOD HEAVENS... WHAT A COINCIDENCE... WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

HELLO, BRANDON, I CAME HERE TO WARN YOU..



WARN ME?... OF WHAT?

THIS HARGROVE.. HE'S A STRANGE PERSON! I'VE BEEN CHECKING ON HIM ALL DAY... I'VE GOT A HUNCH HE KNOWS MORE ABOUT THESE MURDERS THAN HE CARES TO REVEAL!

INSPECTOR HARGROVES?... WHY THAT'S RIDICULOUS, HARRISON!

RIDICULOUS, YOU SAY? PERHAPS BRANDON... BUT, AS A FAVOR TO ME, YOUR BROTHER OFFICER... TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF... WE'RE DEALING WITH A DANGEROUS MADMAN!

I'LL TAKE CARE! THANKS LOADS, HARRISON!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, ANOTHER FIGURE COMES OUT FROM THE SHADOWS TO GREET BRANDON

HELLO, BRANDON.. THIS BLASTED FOG IS SETTING IN... WHAT DID HARRISON HAVE TO SAY ABOUT ME?

OH! NOTHING REALLY... HE HAPPENED TO BE TAKING A MID-NIGHT STROLL ON THE BRIDGE... DID YOU SEE HIM?

BUT DEFINITELY... I SUPPOSE YOU THINK IT'S STRANGE THAT I SHOULD CHOOSE SUCH A LONELY SPOT FOR A TALK WITH YOU!

FRANKLY... I AM... WHY?



BUT BRANDON NEVER HEARS AN ANSWER TO HIS QUERY... FOR AT THAT MOMENT STRONG HANDS FROM THE SHADOWS OF THE BRIDGE STIFLE HIS WORDS..

ARRGH!



THE FOLLOWING DAY AT A LONDON HOSPITAL...

...AND THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED...
-BEFORE I COULD UTTER A CRY, I
WAS ATTACKED BY SOMEONE...
-I DIDN'T REMEMBER A THING
AFTER THAT...

BUT-INSPECTOR
HARGROVE!! WHAT
BECAME OF HIM?



I DON'T KNOW... I HAVE
NO KNOWLEDGE OF
ANYTHING THAT HAPPENED...
-I REMEMBER SPEAKING
TO DETECTIVE HARRISON
ONLY A FEW MINUTES
BEFORE I WAS
ATTACKED!

HARRISON? WHAT ON
EARTH WAS HE DOING
THERE?



IT'S QUITE ALL RIGHT...
-I ASSIGNED HARRISON
TO PATROL THE LONDON
BRIDGE AREA... HE WAS
THERE UNDER MY
ORDERS...

THIS
SITUATION
IS BECOMING
MORE
COMPLICATED

LUCKILY
BRANDON'S
CRIES BROUGHT
SOME PASSERS-BY
TO HIS AID!



LATER IN THE
DAY AT POLICE
HEADQUARTERS...

HERE'S THE PROBLEM
WE'RE FACED WITH...
AS FAR-FETCHED AS IT
SOUNDS, IT'S QUITE
POSSIBLE THAT EITHER
HARGROVE OR HARRISON
MIGHT HAVE ATTACKED
BRANDON...

DON'T
BE RIDIC-
ULOUS...
BOTH
THESE
MEN HAVE
REPUTA-
TIONS THAT
CAN BEAR IN-
VESTIGATION!

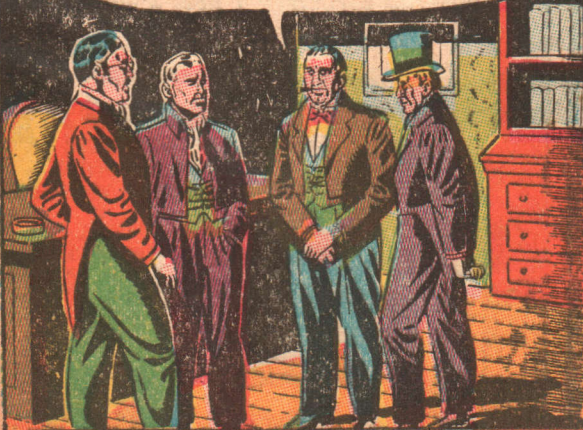
PERHAPS... BUT
WHAT HAPPENED
TO THEM, THEN?
WHY AREN'T
THEY HERE TO
ASSIST US...?
THEY WERE
NOT AT
HOME ALL
NIGHT!

MMM...
THERE
MIGHT
BE A LOT
IN WHAT
YOU SAY...
-LET'S GO
INTO MY
OTHER OFFICE!



SEVERAL MINUTES LATER IN HIS OFFICE ---

I'M AFRAID, GENTLEMEN, THAT IF INSPECTOR
HARGROVE AND DETECTIVE HARRISON
DON'T ARRIVE SHORTLY WITH AN
EXPLANATION OF THEIR ACTIVITIES
LAST NIGHT, I'LL HAVE TO TAKE STEPS!



THAT WON'T BE
NECESSARY, INSPECTOR
WILLIAMSON...

HARGROVES!
HARRISON!!



YOU SEE, WILLIAMSON...
HARRISON AND I KNOW
WHO THIS FIEND IS...

WHO...?
WHO IS
IT?

THERE'S YOUR MURDERER...
INSPECTOR WILLIAMSON!!!

YOU'RE...
YOU'RE CRAZY!

I'VE BEEN TRAILING YOU FOR
DAYS AND NIGHTS! I HAVE
ALL THE PROOF... I CONFID-
ED IN HARRISON, AND DELIB-
ERATELY BROUGHT HIM TO
LONDON BRIDGE TO BRING
YOU OUT IN THE OPEN... YOU
WERE GOING TO KILL HIM
BECAUSE YOU THOUGHT
HE KNEW ABOUT YOU!

ALL RIGHT, YOU FOOLS!
-SO YOU KNOW MY
SECRET! STAND BACK
ALL OF YOU OR I'LL
KILL YOU!"

YOU WON'T
GET AWAY
WITH THIS,
WILLIAM-
SON!

WON'T I?... YOU'LL
SEE... AND YOU'LL ALL
REGRET THIS!!!

NO
YOU
DON'T
WILLIAM-
SON!

ARGGH!

HOLD
HIM!

GRAB
HIM!

LATER ON IN THE DAY, AFTER WILLIAMSON
HAD BEEN TURNED OVER TO THE
POLICE!

WILLIAMSON MUST
HAVE COMPLETELY
LOST HIS MIND SEVERAL
YEARS AGO, BUT NOONE
KNEW IT! HE IMAGINED
HE HAD THE BLOOD
OF A WOLF IN HIM!

HARGROVES
AND I HAD A
HUNCH THAT HE
WAS GOING TO
KILL YOU! YOU
ARE YOUNG AND
AMBITIOUS... HE
WAS GETTING
JEALOUS...

POOR IN-
SPECTOR
WILLIAMSON!
WHAT A TRAGEDY!
-WELL, AT
LEAST IT'S THE
END OF THE
WEREWOLF
MURDER-
ERS!

THE GREAT CIRCUS MURDER

or... The Elephant's *REVENGE!*

A SUPER-COLOSSAL SPECTACLE
OF SUSPENSE, LOADED WITH 1001
THRILLS & MYSTERY!

REVENGE!

BLAINE'S CIRCUS
presents

**THE BIRD OF
PARADISE**

IN HER SPECTACULAR
200 FOOT LEAP INTO A
10-FOOT TANK!!

Today! Today!

BEHIND YON TINSEL
AND GLITTER THAT MAKE
UP THE LIVES OF CIRCUS
FOLK LURKS THE MYSTERIOUS
--- THE UNKNOWN --- THE
PITFALLS, TRAGEDIES, AND
HEARTACHES OF THE PEOPLE
WHO AMUSE AND THRILL US WITH
THEIR FEATS AND DARING---

--- THIS IS SUCH A STORY ---
--- IT BEGINS IN THE DRESSING
ROOM OF LORNA LA VERNE
BILLED AS ---

"The Bird of Paradise"

YOU--
MR. GRIER!
ARE ONE
PHONEY PRESS
AGENT-- IF YOU
DON'T GIVE ME
MORE OF A BUILD-UP,
I'LL QUIT THE SHOW--
LIKE THIS--!!!

GO AHEAD! WHO CARES? I
TAKE ORDERS FROM THE
OWNERS OF THIS SHOW--
PERSONALLY, I DON'T CARE
WHETHER YOU'RE ALIVE
OR DEAD!

IS THAT
SO---

YEAH, THAT'S SO! AND
IF YOU'VE GOT ANY
SQUAWKS, ABOUT IT,
SEE BLAINE, NOT
ME!



NEXT DAY -- A NEW TOWN -- AND RAJAH, THE ELEPHANT, HEADS THE PARADE



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN -- AS GENERAL MANAGER, I WELCOME YOU TO THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH --! IT'S FULL OF FUN, WONDER AND THRILLS BOTH FOR YOUNG AND FOR OLD!



THEN, AS RAJAH'S KEEPER TRIES TO RESTRAIN HIM -- RAJAH SWINGS HIS TRUNK TOWARD BLAINE, THE MANAGER!

RAJAH!

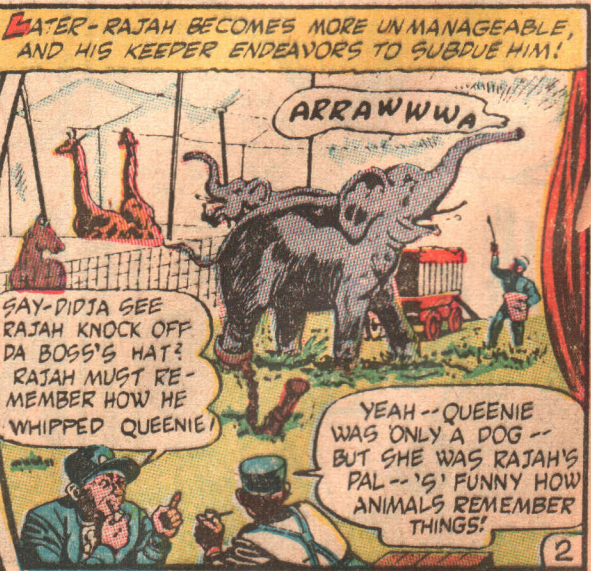


RAJAH! NO! NO!

HEY! WHAT GOES ON HERE?



DON'T LET THAT ELEPHANT DO THAT AGAIN!!!! IF HE DOES -- YOU'RE THROUGH!



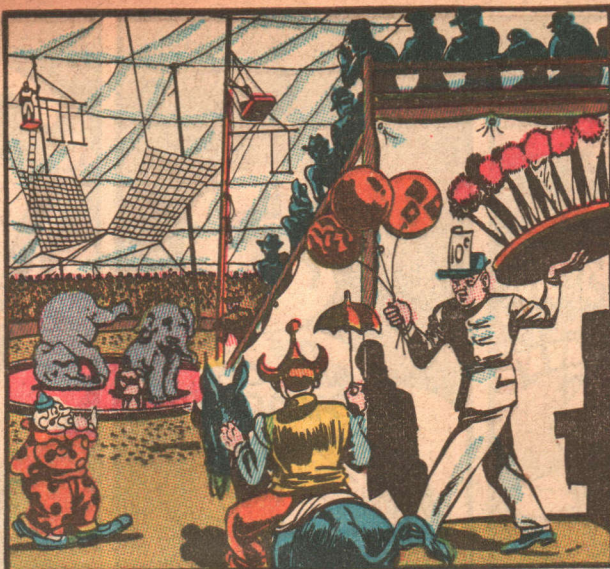
LATER -- RAJAH BECOMES MORE UNMANAGEABLE, AND HIS KEEPER ENDEAVORS TO SUBDUE HIM!

ARRAWWA

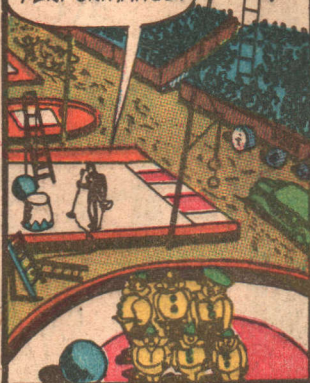
SAY -- DIDJA SEE RAJAH KNOCK OFF DA BOSS'S HAT? RAJAH MUST REMEMBER HOW HE WHIPPED QUEENIE!

YEAH -- QUEENIE WAS ONLY A DOG -- BUT SHE WAS RAJAH'S PAL -- 'S FUNNY HOW ANIMALS REMEMBER THINGS!

THAT AFTER-
NOON, KIDDIES
THRILL TO THE
CIRCUS
WONDERS--
AND-- THAT
NIGHT,
THE TORCHES
FLAME
AGAIN--
THE
EVENING
SHOW
IS ON!!



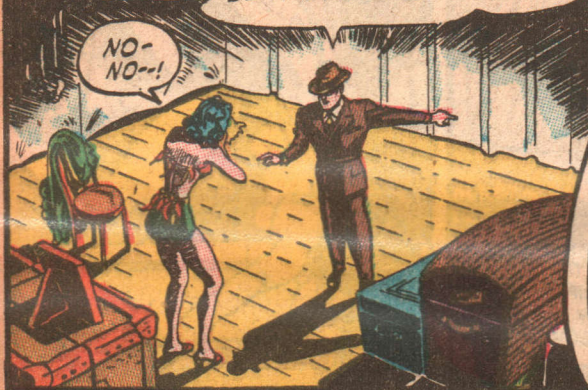
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN--
THE BIRD OF PARADISE
USUALLY COMES ON AT
THIS HOUR--INSTEAD, SHE
WILL APPEAR AT THE END
OF THE
PERFORMANCE!



MEANWHILE--IN THE DRESSING ROOM OF THE
BIRD OF PARADISE---

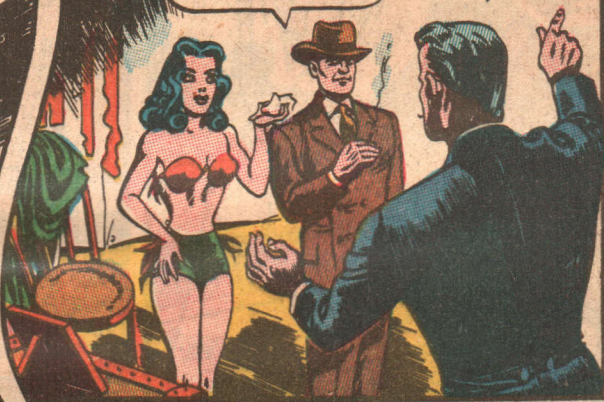
DON'T BE A FOOL, LORNA---! WHY DO YOU
ARGUE WITH ME? **GO ON WITH YOUR
ACT--** BLAINE IS AN IDIOT---HE'LL NEVER
BE ANYTHING BUT A---

NO-
NO--!



SAVE YOUR BREATH, GRIER--I'M HERE IN
PERSON, TO DEFEND MYSELF--YOU'VE BEEN
PICKING QUARRELS WITH LORNA LONG ENOUGH,
YOU CHEAP PUPCITY HACK-- YOU'RE FIN-
ISHED--**GET OUT!**

O.K. BLAINE --



LORNA -- DON'T BELIEVE
ANYTHING HE SAID ABOUT
ME -- **I LOVE YOU!**



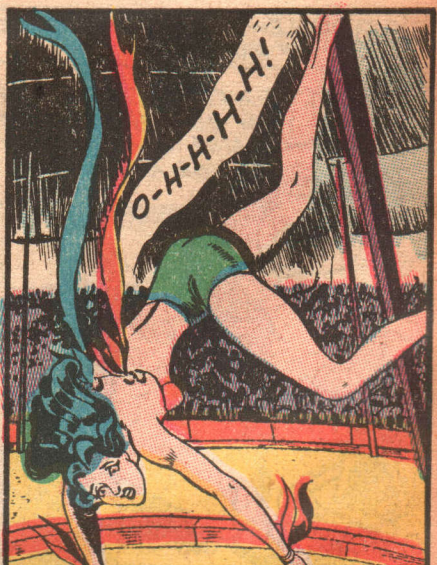
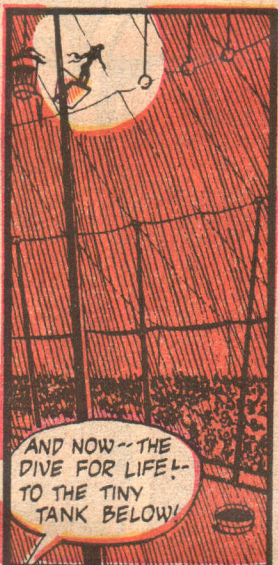
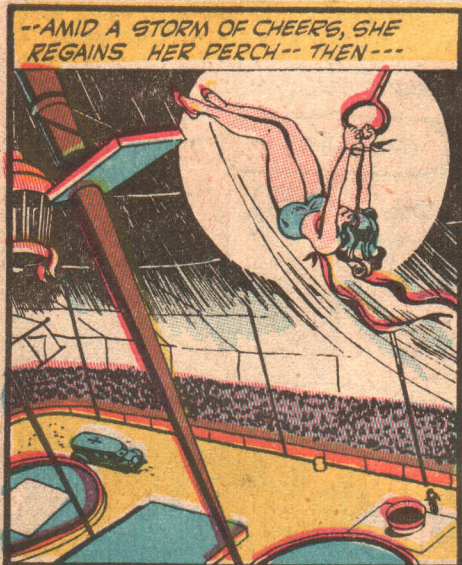
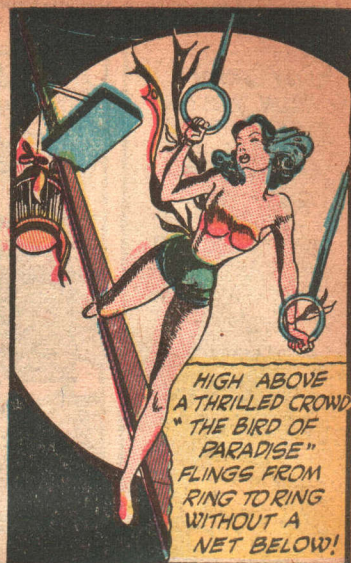
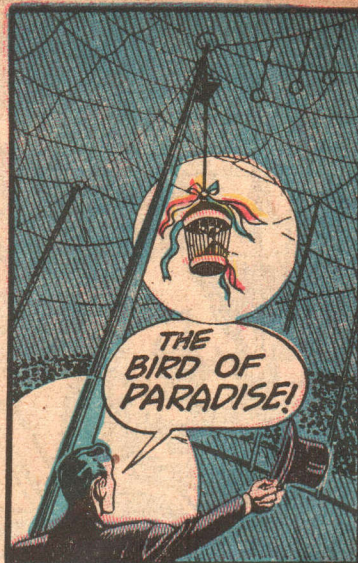
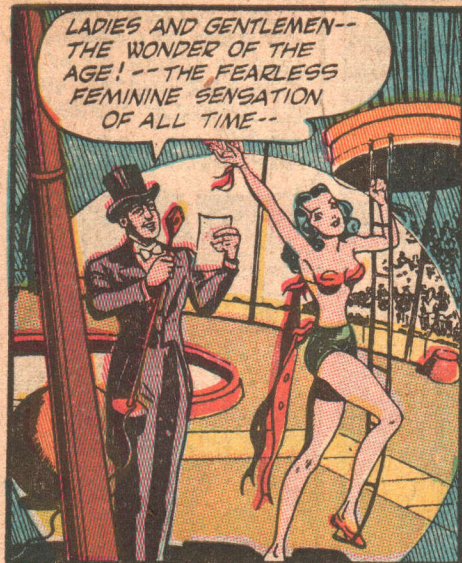
LET'S GIVE UP THIS
GLITTER AND NONSENSE
AND GET MARRIED--

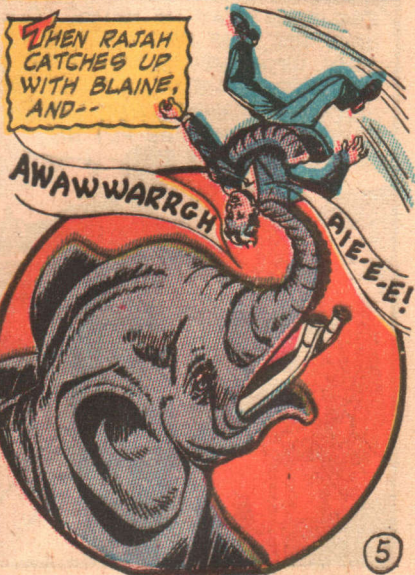
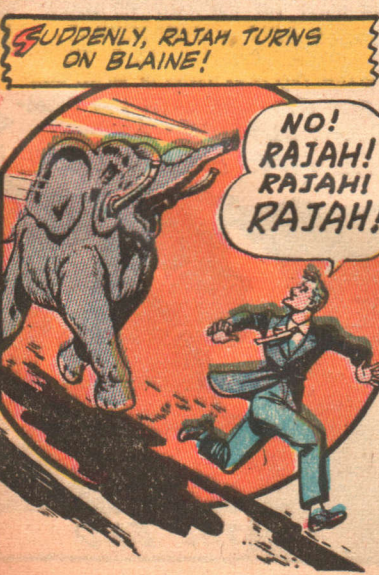
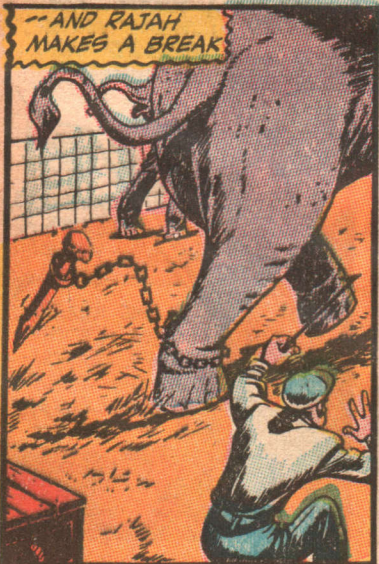
ALEX! STOP
HURTING MY
ARM! YOU
KNOW WHO
I LOVE!

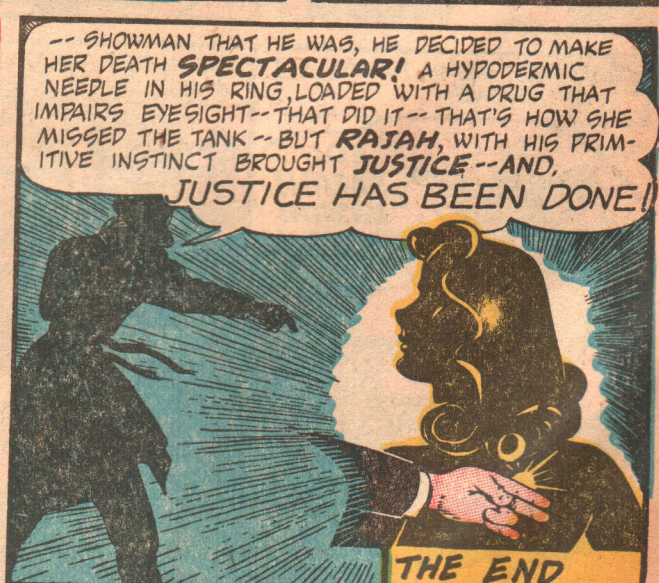
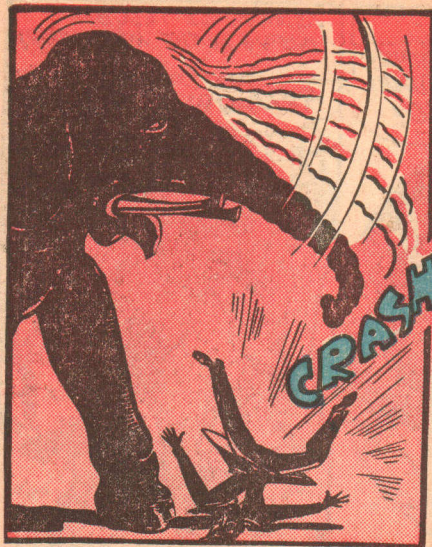


I'M SORRY, FORGIVE ME, LORNA--!
I DON'T KNOW WHO IT IS -- IT CAN'T
BE GRIER--HE **HATES** YOU, LORNA!
COME ON--THEY'RE WAITING FOR
YOU OUTSIDE!



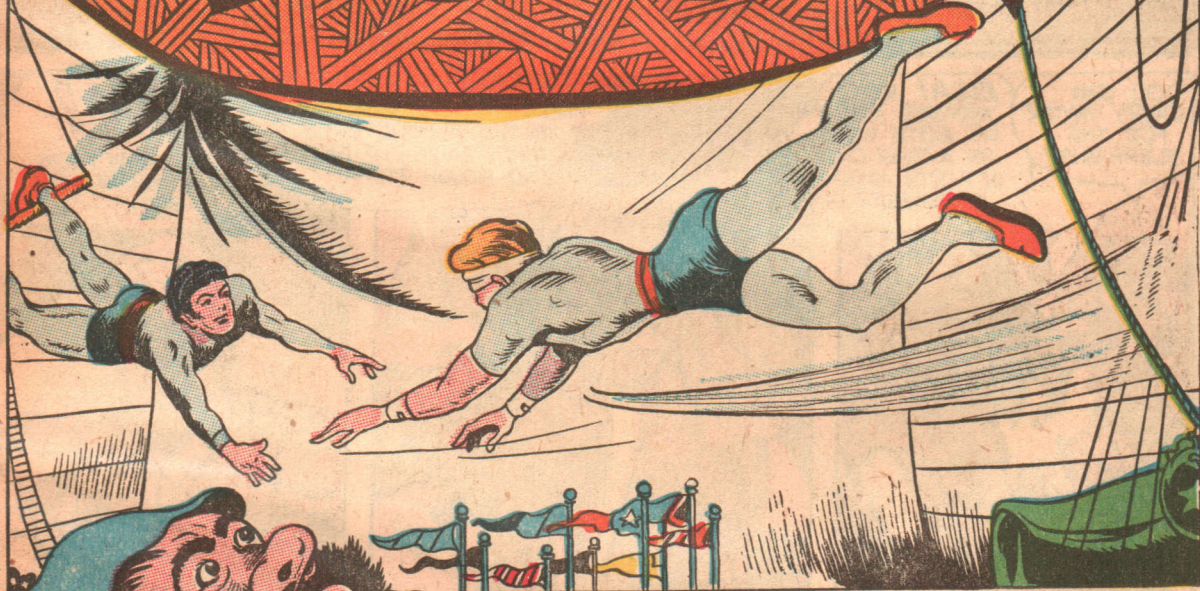








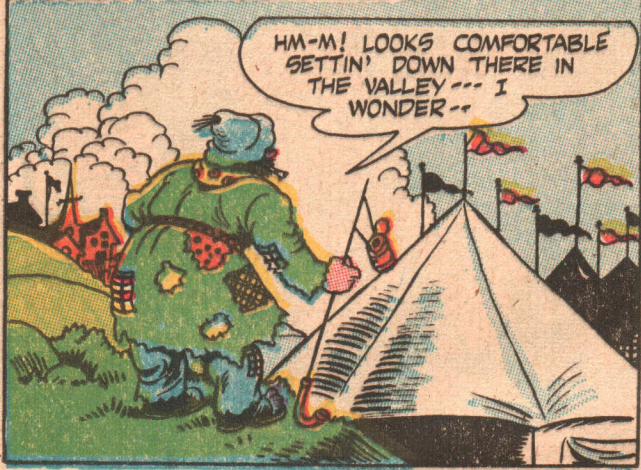
DUSTY DUGAN



DUSTY DUGAN, KNIGHT OF THE ROAD, AND MAN ABOUT HIGHWAYS, STROLLS ALONG AT PEACE WITH THE WORLD-- WITH THE EXCEPTION OF A GNAWING FEELING IN HIS VITALS--



AS DUSTY ARRIVES AT THE CIRCUS, HE SENSES SOMETHING STRANGELY FAMILIAR ABOUT THE OUTFIT.



HM-M! LOOKS COMFORTABLE SETTIN' DOWN THERE IN THE VALLEY --- I WONDER --



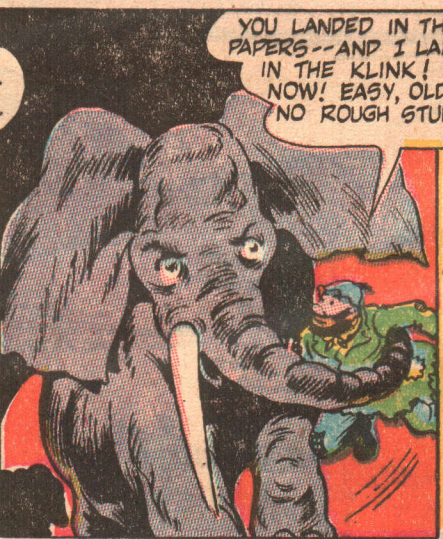
SURE-- I REMEMBER YOU-- YOU WERE WITH THE CIRCUS AT WICHITA --- DOIN' LIGHT JOBS-- WANT TO GO TO WORK?

I'M YOUR MAN PROVIDIN' THE TASKS ARE NO HEAVIER, BOSS! WHAT DO I DO?



YOU CAN CARRY WATER FOR THE ELEPHANTS!

ELLA! RE-MEMBER ME? WE BOTH WENT ON A TEAR ONCE IN PERTH AMBOY--REMEMBER?

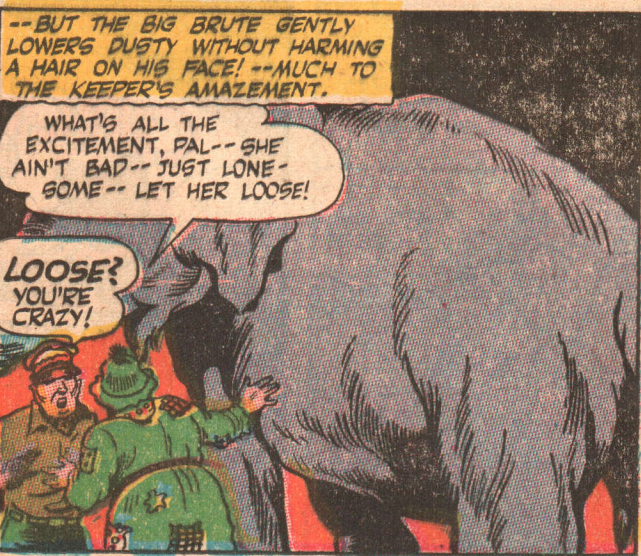


YOU LANDED IN THE PAPERS--AND I LANDED IN THE KLINK! NOW! NOW! EASY, OLD GIRL--NO ROUGH STUFF!



HEY!

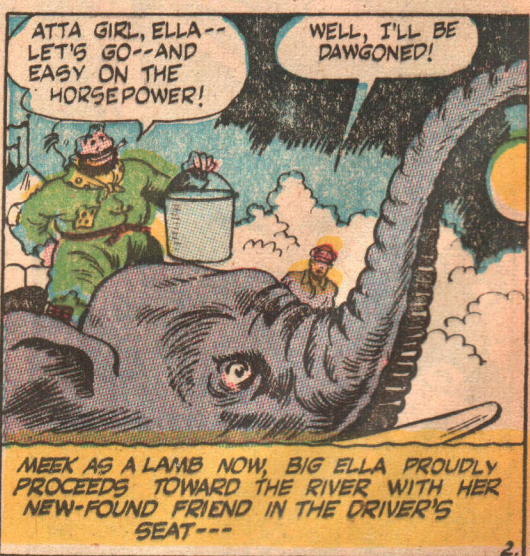
COME AWAY FROM ELLA! SHE'S GONE BAD!!



--BUT THE BIG BRUTE GENTLY LOWERS DUSTY WITHOUT HARMING A HAIR ON HIS FACE! --MUCH TO THE KEEPER'S AMAZEMENT.

WHAT'S ALL THE EXCITEMENT, PAL-- SHE AIN'T BAD-- JUST LONE-SOME-- LET HER LOOSE!

LOOSE? YOU'RE CRAZY!



ATTA GIRL, ELLA-- LET'S GO--AND EASY ON THE HORSEPOWER!

WELL, I'LL BE DAWGONED!

MEEK AS A LAMB NOW, BIG ELLA PROUDLY PROCEEDS TOWARD THE RIVER WITH HER NEW-FOUND FRIEND IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT---

WHILE THE BIG ELEPHANT STANDS PLACIDLY BY, DUSTY STARTS FILLING HIS PAILS-- WHEN THE SILENCE IS BROKEN BY--



SOUNDS LIKE SOME CONVERSATION GOING ON THERE BEHIND THE TREES-- NO DOUBT A GROUP OF MY OLD FRATERNITY-- COMPANIONS OF THE ROAD!



I TELL YOU-- IT'S A CINCH-- CAN'T MISS!

THEIR COCKTAIL HOUR, NO DOUBT-- I COULD DO WITH A FEW "HORS DOOVERS"!



WE'LL MAKE IT LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT--AND COLLECT HIS INSURANCE OF 10,000 DOLLARS--

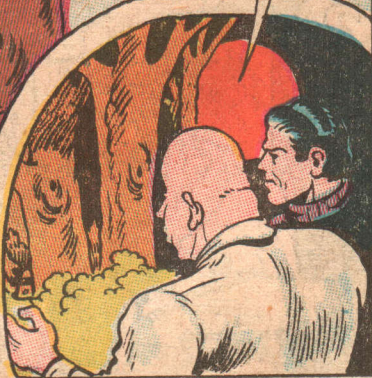


BUT IT'S TWO MEMBERS OF THE ACROBAT TROUPE--KNOWN AS THE "THREE AERIAL COMETS"-- PLANNING A DASTARDLY SCHEME WITH THEIR JUNIOR PARTNER--

HM-M! THIS IS NO PLACE FOR ME-- LET'S GO, ELLA!



WHAT WAS THAT! I HEARD A TWIG BREAK-- AN EAVES-DROPPER!! LET'S GET HIM!!

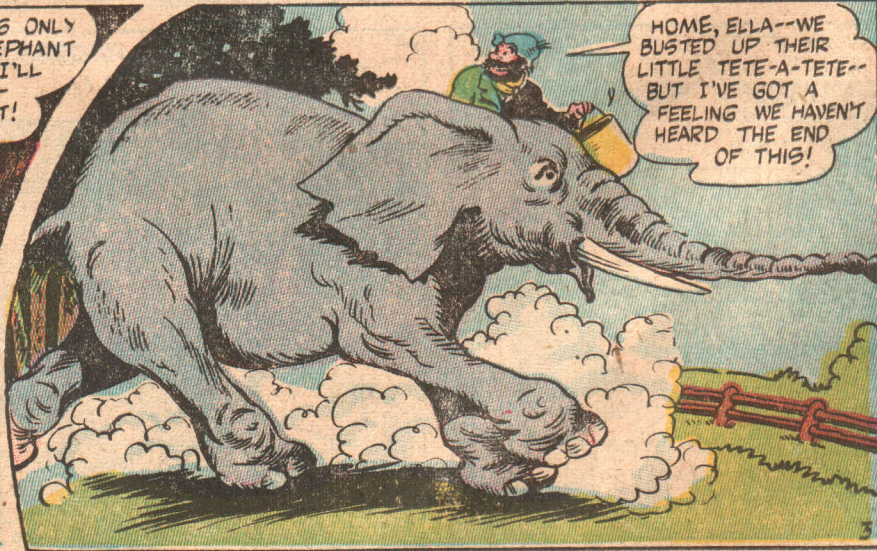


DON'T WORRY-- IT'S ONLY THAT HOBO, THE ELEPHANT TRAINER HIRED-- I'LL FIX HIS WAGON-- BACK ON THE LOT!

HE GOT AWAY!



HOME, ELLA--WE BUSTED UP THEIR LITTLE TETE-A-TETE-- BUT I'VE GOT A FEELING WE HAVEN'T HEARD THE END OF THIS!



THE CONSPIRATORS HURRY BACK TO THE LOT--BUT THERE'S NO SIGN OF LIFE-- THE CIRCUS IS BLACKED OUT FOR THE NIGHT-- EXCEPT FOR A TINY GLOW FROM THEIR OWN TENT--

AW, THAT WAS JUST A DUMB HOBO THEY HIRED TO-DAY-- HE'S HARMLESS!

HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT--WE MUSTN'T FAIL!



THE ONLY PLACE OPEN IS AN ALL NIGHT DRUG STORE--

A COKE MIGHT HELP!

A LITTLE LATER, DUSTY IS UNABLE TO SLEEP AND DECIDES TO TAKE A STROLL INTO TOWN--

NEEDLESS TO SAY-- THIS HEAVY HAIR POMADE IS NOT FOR ME-- BUT MY PARTNER--

YOU DON'T HAVE TO TELL ME SIR-- I SAW YOUR ACT THIS AFTERNOON -- WHAT A LUXURIANT HEAD OF HAIR YOUR PARTNER HAS TOO-- A GOOD AD FOR THIS GREASE--I'LL SAY!

DUSTY TRAILS THE ACROBAT BACK TO THE TENT-- AND LISTENS----

HM-M--I'M ONLY GETTING THIS IN DRIBS AND DRABS-- MOSTLY DRABS!

HERE'S YOUR "HAIR STICKUM"-- GREASIEST I COULD GET-- NOW TELL ME HOW THIS OILY MESS FIGURES IN OUR PLANS? SPEAK FREELY--THE KID'S ASLEEP!

IN AN EFFORT TO GET CLOSER, DUSTY CLIMBS UP ON THE HAY--

I'VE GOT TO GET A LOAD OF THIS IF IT'S THE LAST THING I'LL DO--

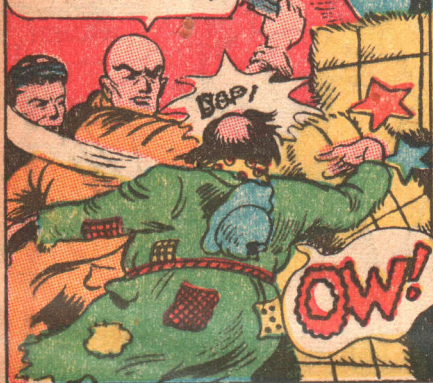
--IT PROBABLY IS!!

QUICK! DOUSE THE LIGHT!! THERE'S THAT SNOOPER AGAIN-- I'LL GRAB HIM!

OKAY!

THEY KNOCK THE STUNNED TRAMP
OUT WITH A BLOW FROM AN AUTOMATIC

THAT'LL TEACH
YOU TO LAY OFF
OTHER PEOPLE'S
AFFAIRS, STUPID!



WHAT'S UP,
ANYWAY-- I
THOUGHT I HEARD
A RUMPUS AND
A GROAN!



BUT THE JUNIOR MEMBER OF THE
ACT HAS HIS SUSPICIONS, TOO!

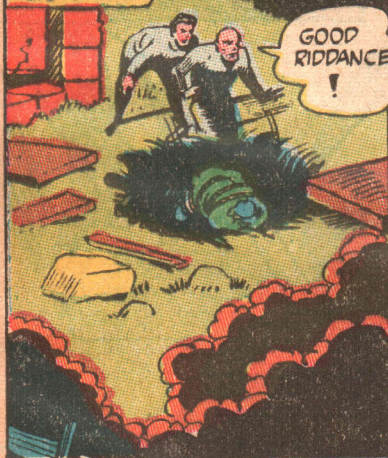
JUST A NIGHTMARE,
KID--- GET BACK TO BED--
WE HAVE A REHEARSAL
IN THE MORNING BEFORE
THE GRAND OPENING!



THEY'VE BEEN
ACTING FUNNY
EVER SINCE THE
MANAGEMENT
GAVE ME TOP
BILLING!

BOUND HAND AND FOOT, DUSTY
IS CAST INTO AN ABANDONED
CISTERN--

GOOD
RIDDANCE
!

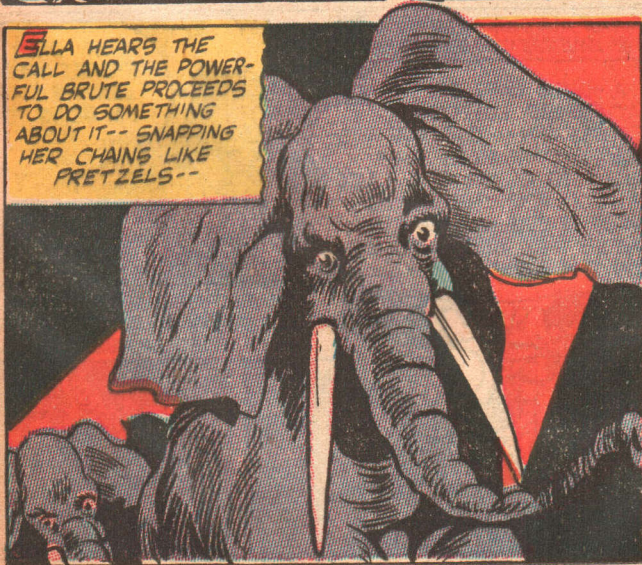


WELL, I GUESS
MY GOOSE IS
COOKED--IF IT
AIN'T OVERDONE!

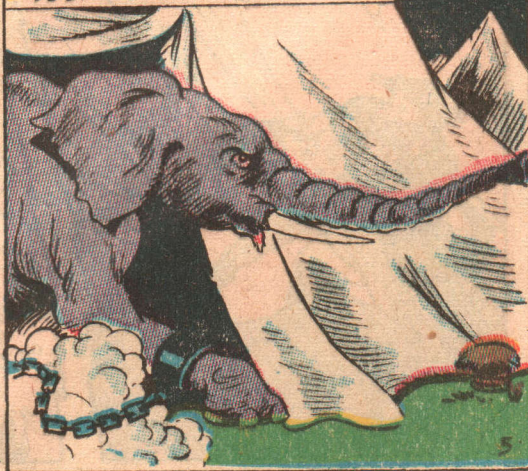


WITH A MIGHTY
EFFORT DUSTY BREAKS
LOOSE FROM HIS BONDS--
AT THE SAME TIME GIVING
HIS OLD FAMILIAR ELEPHANT
CALL--

ELLA HEARS THE
CALL AND THE POWER-
FUL BRUTE PROCEEDS
TO DO SOMETHING
ABOUT IT-- SNAPPING
HER CHAINS LIKE
PRETZELS--



-- THE FAITHFUL PACHYDERM
DASHES TO DUSTY'S RESCUE--
JUST AS DAWN BREAKS--

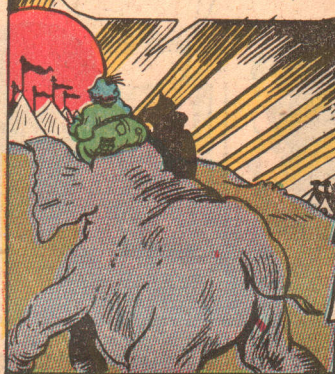


ELLA PROVIDES A VERY EFFICIENT LADDER --



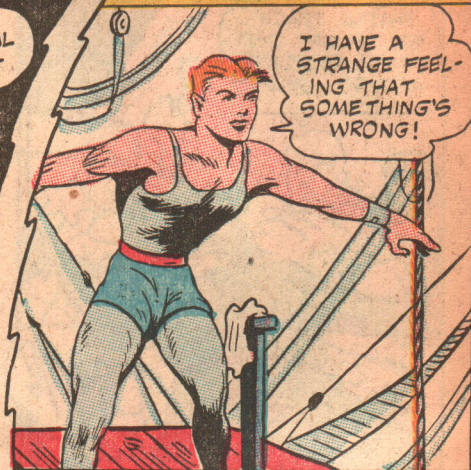
A LITTLE SKIDDY -- BUT STILL AN IMPROVEMENT ON THE OLD STYLE!

WE'LL BE JUST IN TIME TO CATCH THE EARLY MORNING REHEARSAL OF THE "AERIAL COMETS" -- PLUS A TRAGEDY!

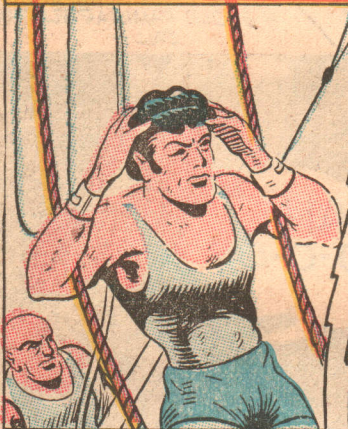


THE DIVE OF DEATH! AND THE GRAND FINALE OF THE AERIAL COMETS ACT --

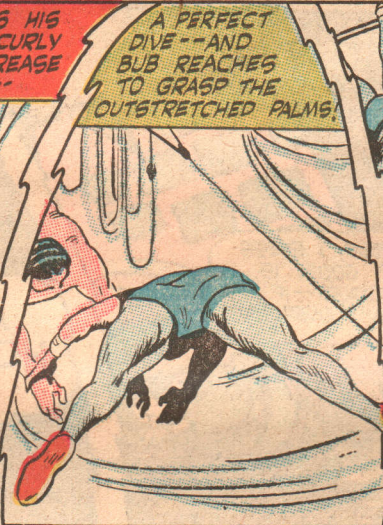
I HAVE A STRANGE FEELING THAT SOMETHING'S WRONG!



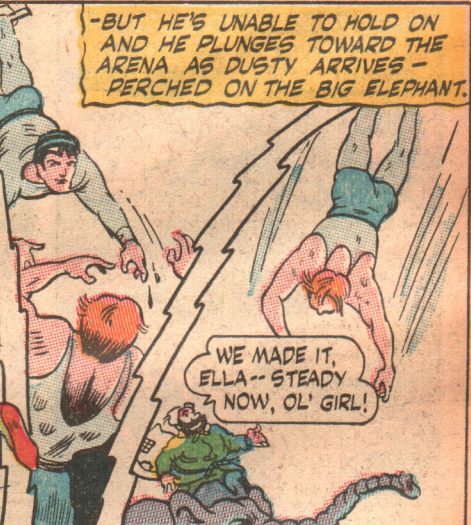
FURTIVELY, THE PARTNER RUBS HIS HANDS THROUGH HIS THICK CURLY HAIR -- SMEARING THE OILY GREASE WELL UP OVER HIS WRISTS --



A PERFECT DIVE -- AND BUB REACHES TO GRASP THE OUTSTRETCHED PALMS!



-- BUT HE'S UNABLE TO HOLD ON AND HE PLUNGES TOWARD THE ARENA AS DUSTY ARRIVES -- PERCHED ON THE BIG ELEPHANT.



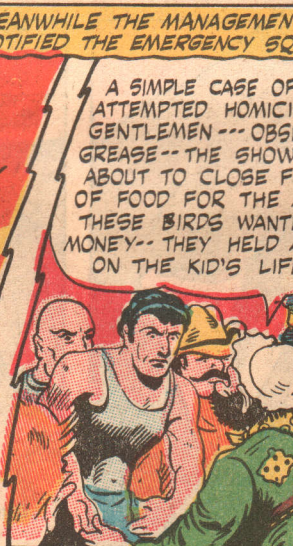
WE MADE IT, ELLA -- STEADY -- NOW, OL' GIRL!

GOT YA, BUB -- FUNNY THE DODGERS NEVER CAME AFTER ME!

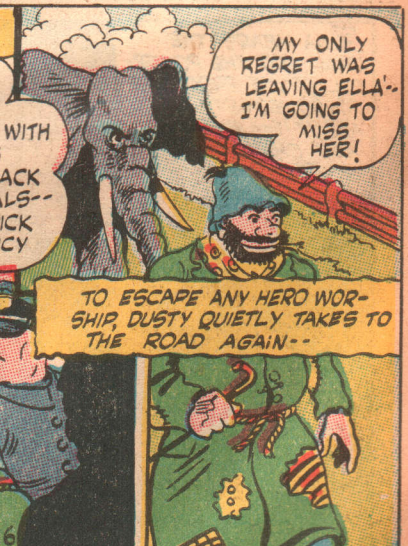


MEANWHILE THE MANAGEMENT HAS NOTIFIED THE EMERGENCY SQUAD!

A SIMPLE CASE OF ATTEMPTED HOMICIDE GENTLEMEN --- OBSERVE WITH GREASE -- THE SHOW WAS ABOUT TO CLOSE FOR LACK OF FOOD FOR THE ANIMALS -- THESE BIRDS WANTED QUICK MONEY -- THEY HELD A POLICY ON THE KID'S LIFE --



MY ONLY REGRET WAS LEAVING ELLA -- I'M GOING TO MISS HER!

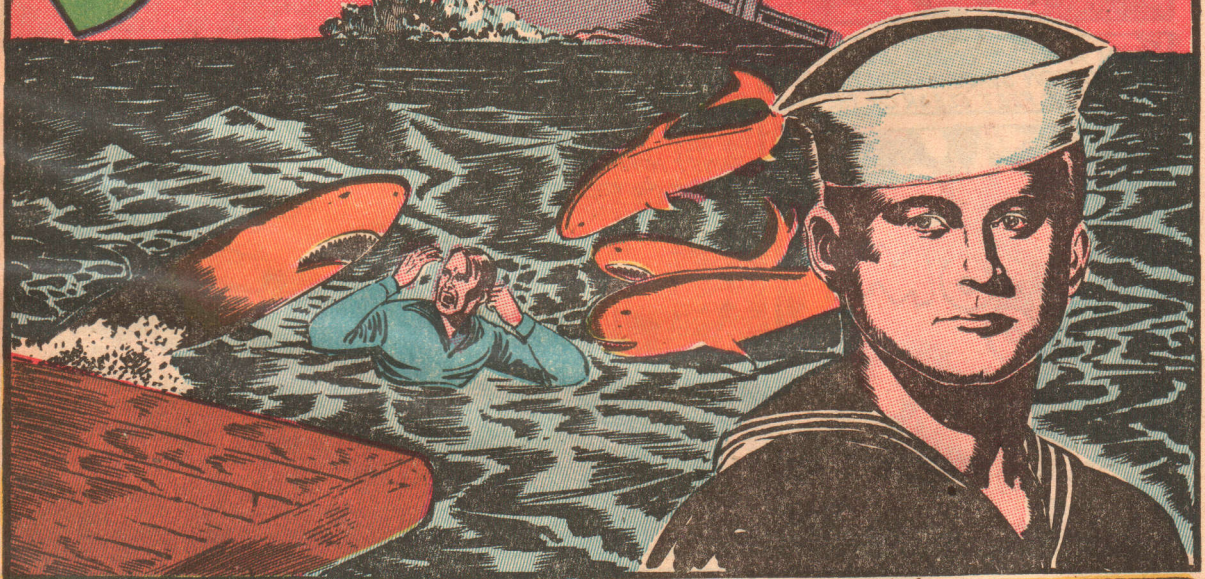


TO ESCAPE ANY HERO WORSHIP, DUSTY QUIETLY TAKES TO THE ROAD AGAIN --

Shark Bait

A TRUE STORY

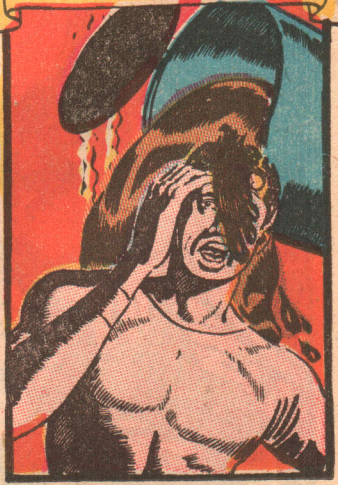
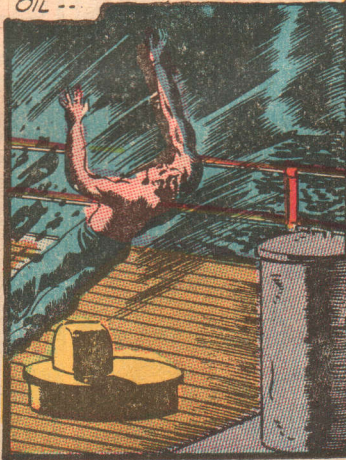
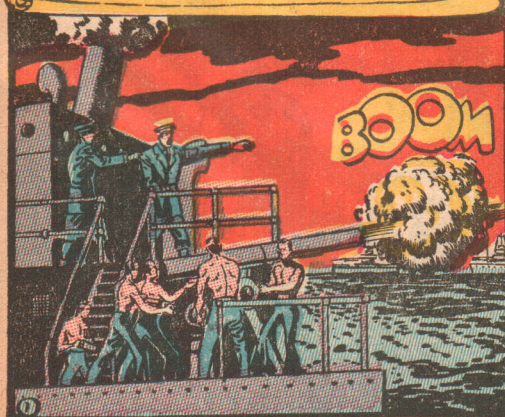
US. NAVY SIGNALMAN, FIRST CLASS, JOSEPH P. HARTNEY BELIEVES SHARKS ARE COWARDS, AND HE OUGHT TO KNOW... FOR HE'S STILL ALIVE TO TELL THE TALE, AFTER FIGHTING OFF A FEROCIOUS ATTACK, BY A SCHOOL OF THE MONSTERS, FOLLOWING THE SINKING OF HIS CRUISER IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC!



EARLY ON THE MORNING OF NOV 13 1942, HARTNEY, WHO HAILS FROM NEW BRITAIN, CONN., TOOK PART IN A FURIOUS CLOSE RANGE BATTLE ON THE U.S. CRUISER **JUNEAU**, WITH A HUGE JAP INVASION FLEET NEAR GUADALCANAL.

SUDDENLY, A VIOLENT EXPLOSION OCCURS AND BLOWS HARTNEY THROUGH THE AIR TOWARDS A BARREL OF FUEL OIL --

THEN, HARTNEY IS BLINDED BY A DRENCHING DELUGE OF STEAMING HOT FUEL OIL!



2 AS THE BOAT STARTS TO SUBMERGE--
HARTNEY CATCHES HIS LEG ACCIDENTLY
ONTO A PIECE OF STEEL---



3 BUT BEFORE HARTNEY CAN DIVE OVERBOARD, THE BIG
CRUISER GOES DOWN, DRAGGING JOE UNDER WATER---



4 THEN, A LUCKY UNDER SURFACE
EXPLOSION SENDS HARTNEY HURLING
A FEW FEET CLEAR OF THE SEA!

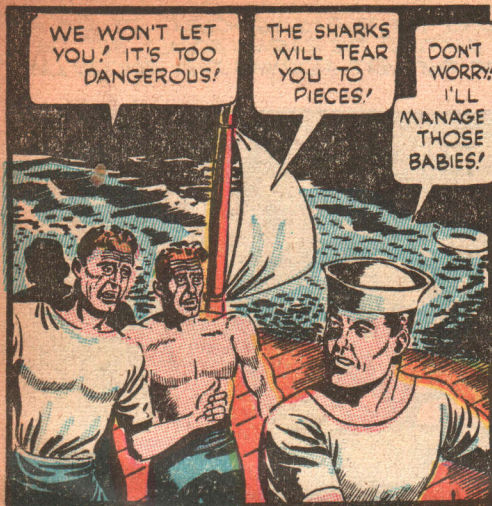


5 LATER HARTNEY WAS PULLED
ABOARD A RAFT, BUT A COLD
DREARY NIGHT FOLLOWED, WITH
SEVERAL OF THE MEN DELIRIOUS!
THE NEXT MORNING, HOPING
AGAINST HOPE, THEY SEARCHED FOR
LAND.



6 AT NOON, JOE MAKES A
TERRIFYING DISCOVERY---

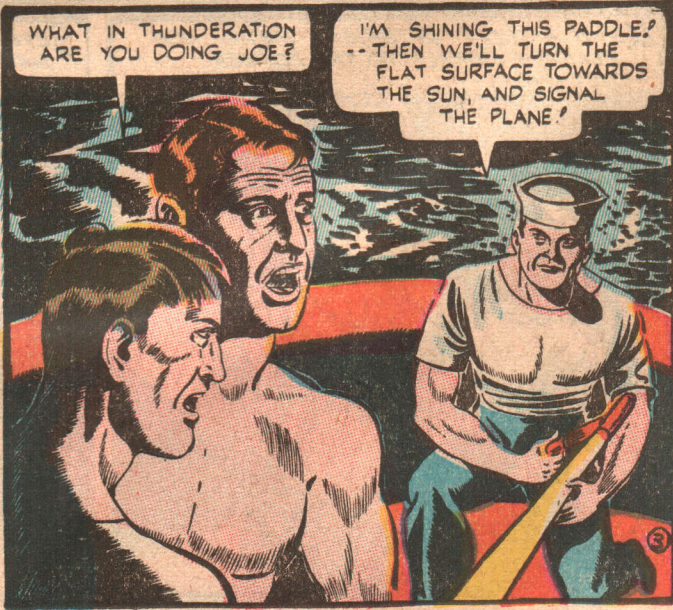
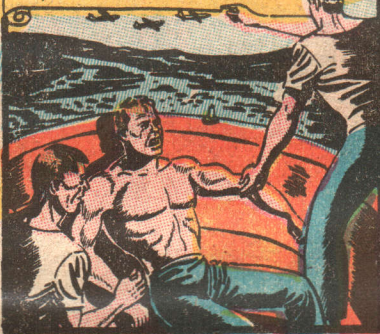




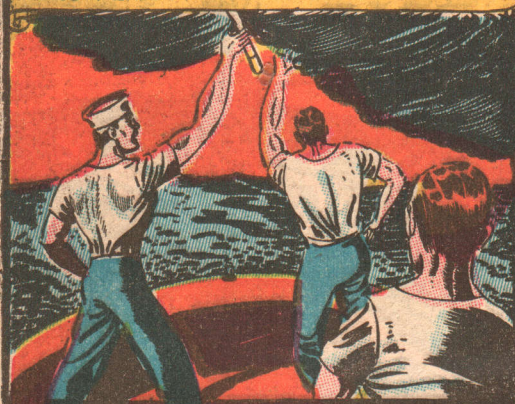
JOE HARDLY LANDS IN THE WATER-- BEFORE A SCHOOL OF SHARKS GANG UP ON HIM!



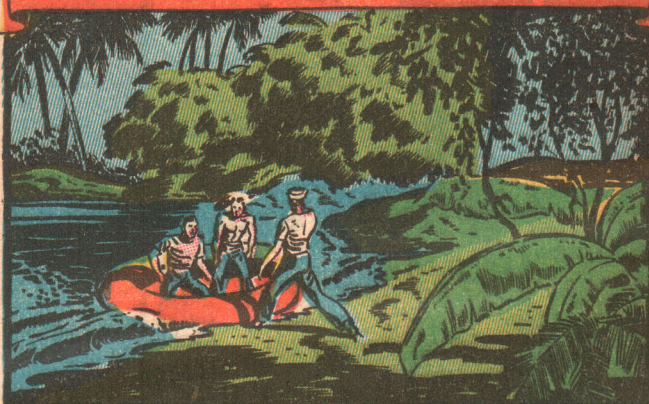
AFTER INFLATING THE RAFT, HARTNEY VOLUNTEERS TO GO FOR HELP. LT. CHARLES WANG BADLY WOUNDED, AND SEAMAN FIRST CLASS, JAMES FITZGERALD ALSO CAME ABOARD. ON THE THIRD DAY, THEY SPOT 3 PLANES!



THE PBY PILOT DID SEE THEIR SIGNAL... BUT A SUDDEN SQUALL SWOOPED DOWN ON THE AREA, PREVENTING THE PLANE FROM LANDING ---



FOR NINE LONG, DISCOURAGING HOURS, JOE AND HIS COMRADES BATTLED THE RAGING SQUALL, BUT THEY WON!... FOR THE NEXT MORNING THEY REACHED LAND!



THE WEARY AMERICANS WERE FED AND SHELTERED BY FRIENDLY NATIVES, AND LATER WERE TAKEN TO A WHITE TRADERS ISLAND, NEARBY---



CAN YOU GET US BACK TO GUADALCANAL?



NOT A CHANCE, SON! THE JAPS WOULD SPOT YOU IN AN INSTANT!

A FEW DAYS LATER---

THAT'S A U.S. PATROL BOMBER, AND BROTHER, ---HE'S GONNA PICK US UP!

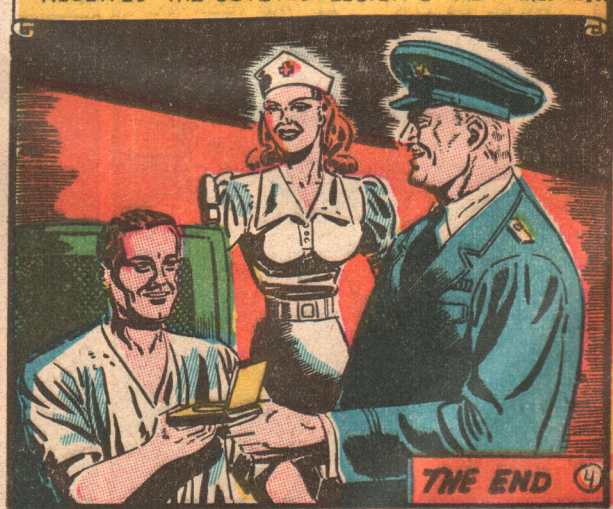


BUT HOW?

USING A SHEET OF BRIGHT METAL, JOE FLASHES SIGNALS TO THE BOMBER OVERHEAD---



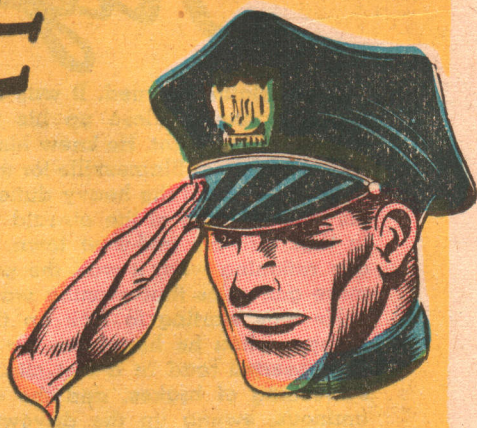
SEVERAL MONTHS AFTERWARDS AT THE U.S. NAVAL HOSPITAL IN ST ALBANS, L.I., HARTNEY RECEIVES THE COVETED LEGION OF MERIT MEDAL...



THE END ④



DIVIDE BY TWO



When Joe Farrell was a little kid, he was always bragging about his dad. "My pop," he would say, "can lick any one of you guys' pops a MILLION times, and think nothing of it!"

"Ya-a . . ." would sneer Billy Holden. "Just because he's a soldier, and kin carry a gun—that don't make him any braver than MY pop—he's a COPI!"

"A soldier's braver'n a cop!"

"No he ain't!"

"Yes he is!"

"He ain't!"

"He is!"

These, and similar arguments, Joe carried with him through all his grammar school years. The funny part was, that Tom Farrell, and George Holden, the fathers of the boys, were the best of friends, and often when Captain Farrell was home on leave, the two families would have a big get-together at either of their houses.

As time went by, Captain Farrell became Major Farrell, in the United States Air Corps, and had distinguished himself as a flying officer of note. Joe was anxiously awaiting the day when he would be privileged to wear his silver wings and follow in the footsteps of his illustrious dad.

And such a day did come. It was a proud Mrs. Farrell who saw her own husband pin the wings of the skyman on her beloved Joe's tunic. Joe was now LIEUTENANT Joseph Farrell, and almost immediately he adopted the serious air that was to go with his profession.

Billy Holden had risen, also. Mrs. Holden didn't mind another policeman in the family, and one fine day Patrolman William Holden became Lieutenant William Holden.

The first leave home from the air-base found the two young men in the same frame of mind as they were twenty years ago.

"So . . .?" asked Lieutenant Holden. "You still think that a soldier's braver than a cop?"

"I still do—most emphatically," answered

Lieutenant Farrell, with a good-natured laugh. "ANY day in the week!"

The two senior Farrells winked at each other, while Mrs. Holden and Mrs. Farrell just sat there and beamed.

Then on that fateful 7th day of December, in 1941 . . .

Bill Holden tried to enlist, but his superior officers advised him to wait. Officers were needed for the home-front, too, and a good police lieutenant like Bill Holden would be hard to replace.

Major and Lieutenant Farrell left immediately to report for active duty. Mrs. Farrell smiled bravely through her tears as she saw them go. A few weeks later, Major Farrell commanded a fighting squadron, in which his son was a combat officer.

In their first tussle with the Nips, a concentrated force of Zeros tried to cut in, and force the Major out of the sky. American flying Majors knew too much, and the Japs started to eliminate, with high-ranking officers as their first targets.

But, Lieutenant Farrell had other ideas about such goings on. In a flash, he set upon the Japs, like a one man hurricane, and mowed them down like a flock of geese.

And Lieutenant Bill Holden came in for his share of bravery, too.

An organized band of rubber-tire thieves tried to get away with a vanful of the precious commodity, but in a running gun-battle, Bill saved his father's life, by outshooting the entire mob, and rounding up the stolen booty.

On their first leave, the two Farrells got together with the Holdens at the latter's house.

"Well," asked the much decorated Lieutenant Farrell, "do you still think a soldier's braver than a cop?"

Lieutenant Holden grinned.

"Guess they're both about the same . . ." he answered.

And they both snook hands on that, . . .

Tag, ---you're it!

Eddie Blaine yawned. It was half past eleven, and time to close up his father's filling station for the night. He knew his father wouldn't be back from Blainesville for at least another hour, because of the heavy duties imposed upon him, as chief of the air-raid warden sector in that thriving mid-west town. Besides, with gas rationing what it was, the prospect of any more gas sales that evening was pretty slight.

He was starting to lock up the shiny twin pumps, when he heard the car coming along the deserted road at a fast clip. There was a screeching of brakes, and the car, dark and ominous, swung up the driveway leading to the gas pumps.

Two men got out, and walked over to him rapidly. One was a little man with the face of a gargoyle, while the other one was tall and hulking, with a continual sneer.

They looked around the silent station a few minutes. Then the shorter one asked, "Are you alone, kid?"

Eddie nodded. Some instinctive urge told him that these two men were out for no good. Their shifty eyes and furtive movements put him on his guard right away. He cleared his throat, then asked in a voice he could hardly hear, "Did you want some gas, Mister?"

The little man looked around again before answering.

"We want more than gas, kid," he said, "what we need is a CAR! Who belongs to this jalopie?" He pointed to Sam Dexter's car, parked alongside of the station.

"Gosh!" answered Eddie. "That ain't our car. That's here for a repair job. We just fixed it this morning. Dad and I . . ."

The taller man walked over to the car, and examined it, with a series of grunts. "Ain't bad," he said. "It'll get us to Rushville at least. We can grab another one there."

Billy stared up in horror at the man. "You—you mean you're going to STEAL Mr. Dexter's car . . .?"

The smaller man grinned evilly at the boy. "That's the idea, sonny," he answered. "You catch on fast. You ain't gonna cause any trouble, are you . . . or do you want to get your head knocked off . . .?"

Eddie gulped his dry breath, down a dry throat. These men weren't kidding. The business-like way that the little man kept his right hand in his pocket set up a whirl in the boy's brain that the man was a possessor of a gun—and probably wouldn't hesitate a minute in using it.

The taller one took a bottle out of his pocket. "Let's have a drink, Lou," he said to his diminutive companion. "This punk here, can fill up the wagon with gas, and we'll be on our

way. It's a shame we ain't got RATION STAMPS, eh, Lou . . .?"

Lou laughed. "Yeah . . ." he answered. "Wait'll the cops find out that we switched cars under their noses. They got a perfect description of the car we got away in after the stick-up. Come on, kid—get busy . . .!"

Under their prodding supervision, he transferred all their belongings from one car to the other. They smoked many cigarettes, and spoke in low tones.

Then, Eddie took the gas-pump hose, and approached the gas-tank of Sam Dexter's car. As his eye fell on the metal license tag, a wild idea came into his head. Quickly, he removed a pair of pliers from his pocket, and dropped on one knee in front of the metal plate.

Hurry it up, kid!" Lou's voice rose from a growl to a snarling command.

Eddie silently walked over to the other car, and stood by the gas tank, fumbling at something.

"Come on," the big fellow said. "We ain't got all night. Let's get goin'."

The boy walked back to the Dexter car, and very slowly put the cap back on the gas tank. Lou grunted, and checked the gas-gauge.

"Full!" he muttered. "If I thought you'd pull some stunt like lettin' the gas out, I'd break you in two!"

They both climbed into the car.

"So long, kid!" Lou called out breezily. "Thanks for the wagon!"

Eddie watched silently, as the car roared down the state highway, then he turned, and ran into the station—and to the telephone.

A half-hour later, Lou turned to his companion, and said, "Hey—we're being followed! There's two cops behind us on motorcycles!"

The big man shrugged. "I'll slow down," he said. "We ain't got nuthin' to worry about. This ain't the car we did the job in. As far as I'm concerned, my name is Sam Dexter!"

"Do you suppose the kid—" began Lou.

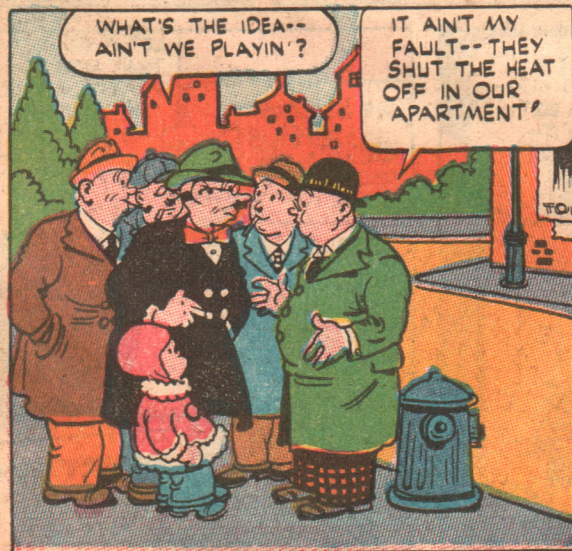
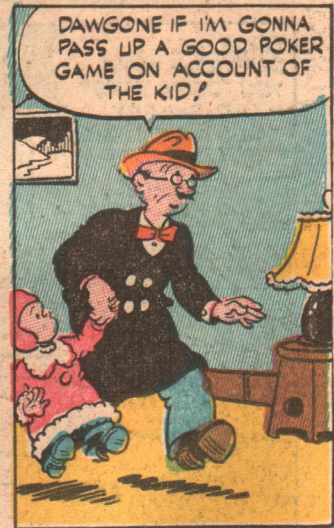
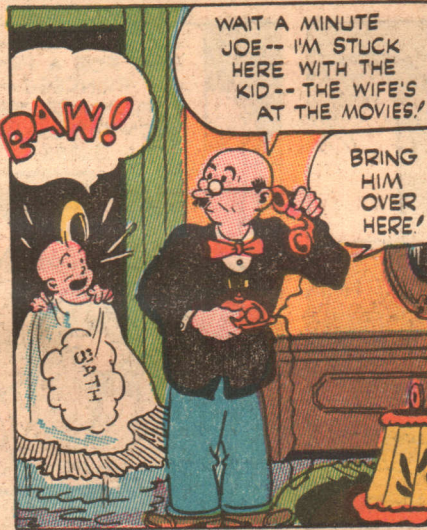
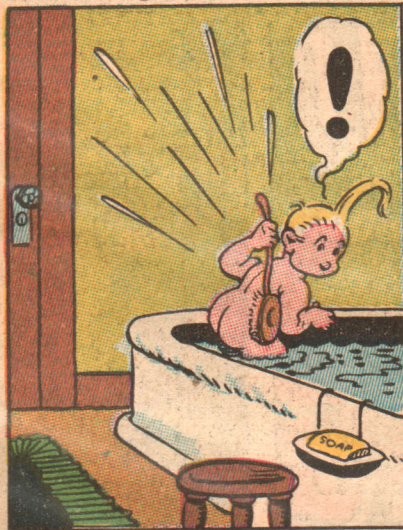
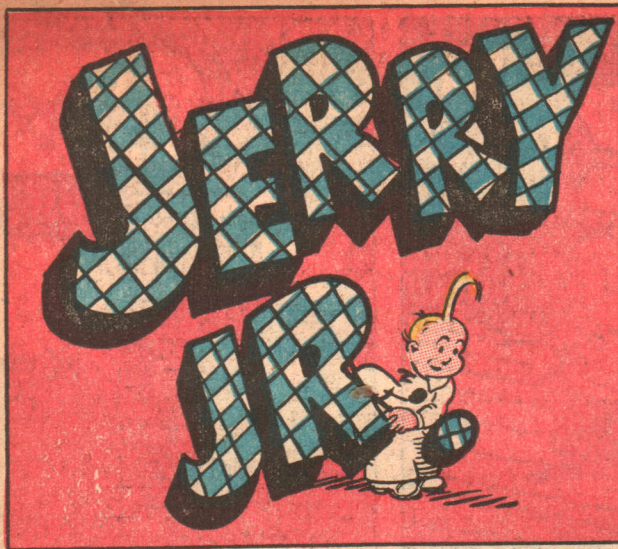
"Naw!" exploded the other. "Even if he did tip 'em off, we had a big start. It's probably a routine checkup. I'm slowin' up!"

Five minutes later, Lou and his hulking friend were looking into the muzzles of two revolvers held in the very steady hands of two highway patrolmen.

"Look at our licenses," began the big one. "My name is Sam—"

"The papers are in order," said the policeman, "but your number-plate isn't. You're carrying the tag of a car that was used in a hold-up today in River Falls."

Lou cursed softly. Now he knew why young Eddie Blaine took so long to put the gas in the car. Switching number-plates was easy to Eddie. He was an expert at that.





IF THIS KID GETS A COLD I MIGHT AS WELL NOT GO HOME!

DON'T BE SILLY!-- IT'S WARM AS TOAST HERE!



I BID ONE BLUE!

I RAISE--



HEY!



POOR LIL' CRITTER-- WHAT YOU DOIN' HERE? --AND HUNGRY TOO, I'LL BET!



OXTAIL SOUP!-- A DISH FOR A PRINCE OR PRINCESS-- WHICH ARE YOU-- DON'T TELL ME-- I'LL GUESS--



TOO MANY HOBO'S GETTIN' OFF HERE-- THERE'S ONE! WE'LL SURROUND HIM-- YOU GO THAT WAY, MULLINS!



KIDNAPPIN' TOO-- YOU'LL GET THE LIMIT FOR THIS, DUSTY!

FINDIN'S IS KEEPIN'S-- AIN'T IT?

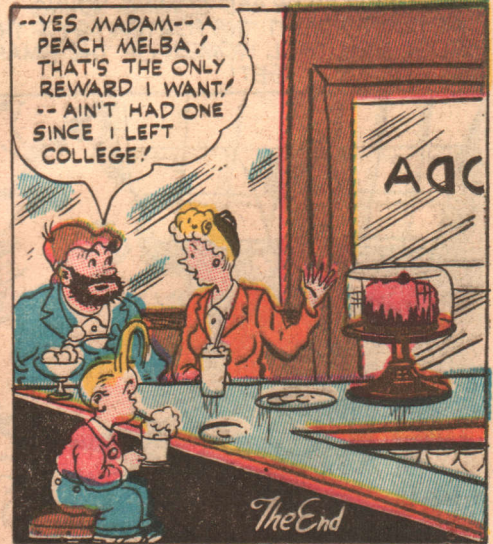
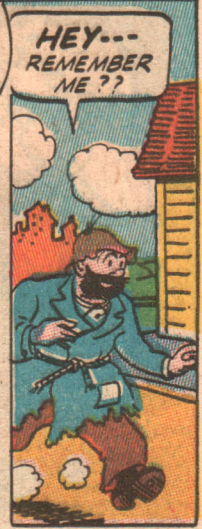
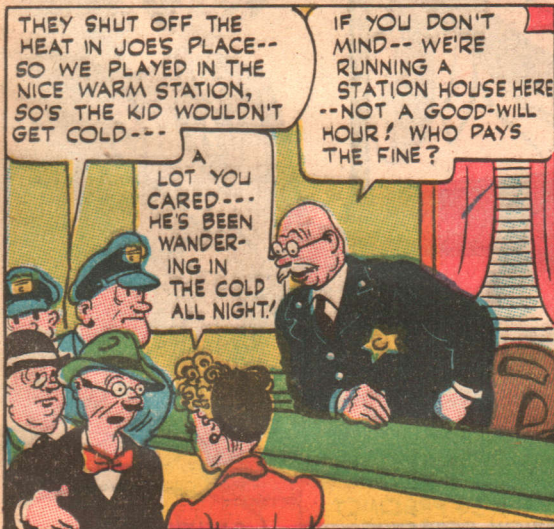


IT AIN'T A BAD LIFE KID-- WHEN YA GET USED TO IT-- BUT IT MUST BE NEW TO YOU!



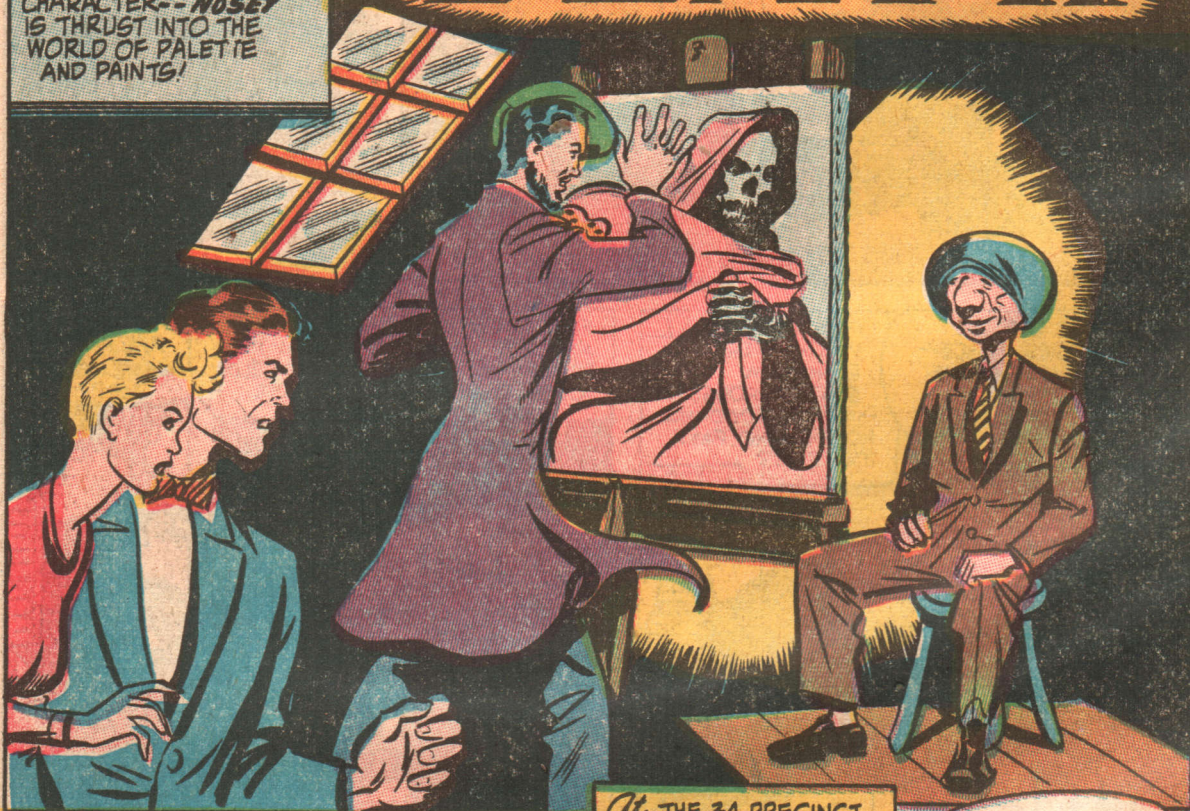
WE GOT DUSTY UNDER LOCK AND KEY-- AND, THIS'LL KILL YA--- HE'S GOT A BABY---

LET IT GO, NOW-- THAT MOB IS PLAYIN' POKER IN THE STATION AGAIN! RAID 'EM--



IN THE THROBBING HEART OF NEW YORK CITY, A GREAT ARTIST PAINTS HIS WAY INTO THE GALLERIES OF MURDER AND SUDDEN DEATH! OUR STORY REVEALS EXCITEMENT BY THE BRUSHFUL, AS OUR COLORFUL CHARACTER-- NOSEY IS THRUST INTO THE WORLD OF PALETTE AND PAINTS!

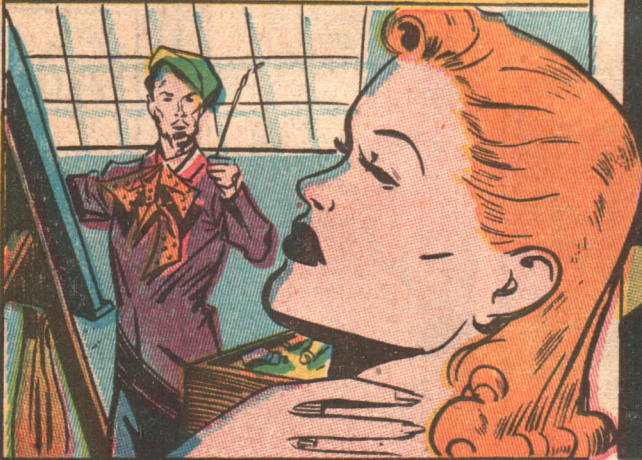
Sudden DEATH

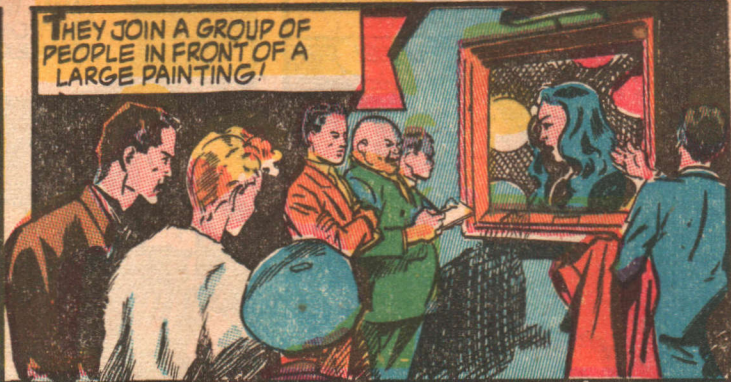


THE ASTORF-WALDORIA HOTEL HAS COMMISSIONED AN UP AND COMING YOUNG ARTIST TO PAINT THE PORTRAITS OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN OF THE SMART SET!

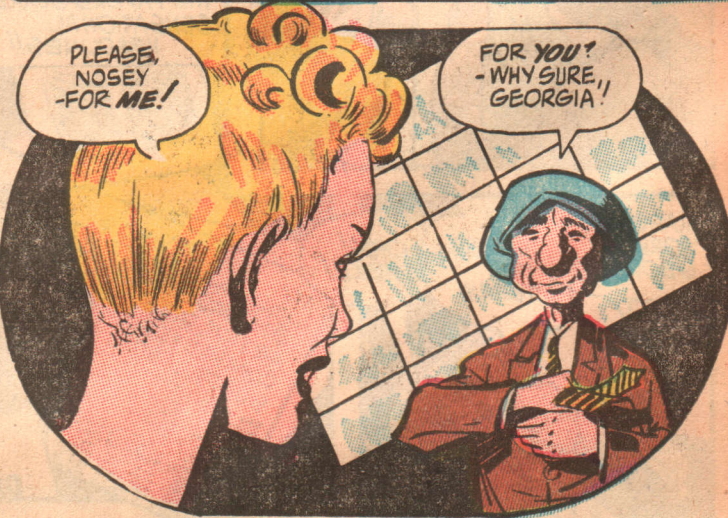
AT THE 34 PRECINCT STATION, DETECTIVE TERRY MOORE TAKES NOTICE OF THE NEW ARTIST!

SAY! I'D LIKE TO SEE THAT NEW RAPHAEL VAN RUBENS EXHIBITION AT THE GISELLE GALLERIES!





**TERRY TALKS TO THE ARTIST...AND
A FEW MINUTES LATER!**

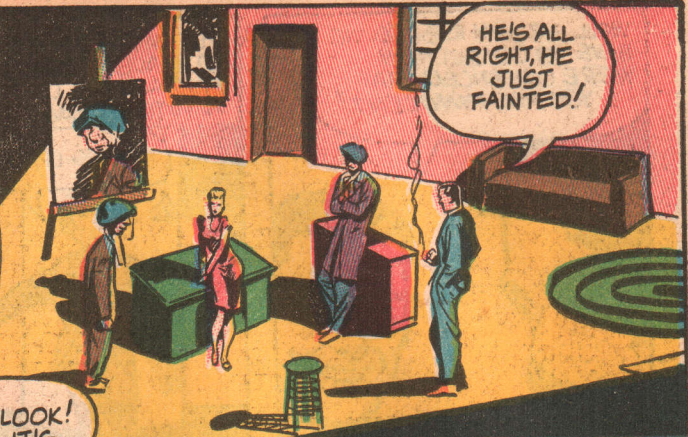
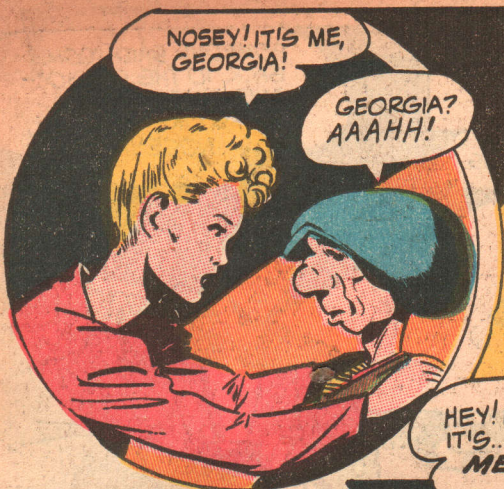


**TAKING UP HIS BRUSH, AND WITH
MASSIVE STROKES, THE ARTIST
FINISHES THE PORTRAIT IN
THREE SHORT HOURS!**



**As THE PAINTING IS FINISHED
OFF.. NOSEY COLLAPSES!!**





WELL, MR. VAN RUBENS, WE HAVE TO GO! BUT NOW WE'RE CONVINCED THAT YOU ARE **INNOCENT!**



BUT WHEN THEY RETURN TO HEADQUARTERS, THEY FIND A PHONE CALL AWAITING THEM!



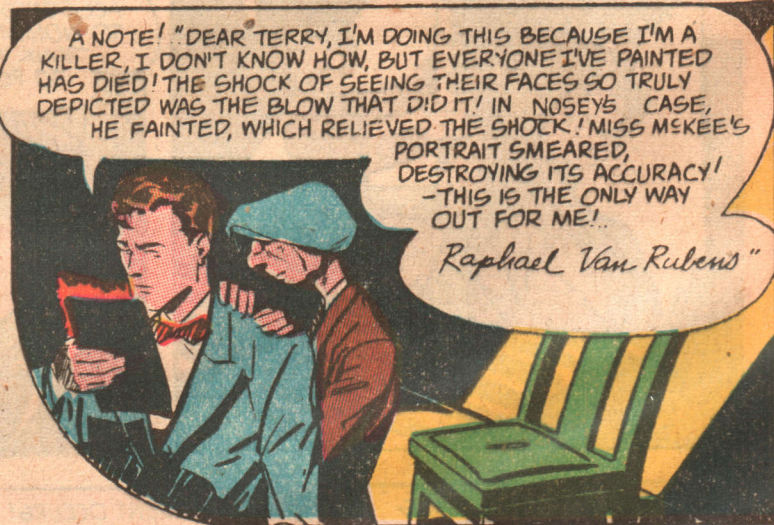
WHAT'S UP, BOSS.

SOMEONE SAID: "COME BACK TO THE STUDIO"—AND HUNG UP. THIS LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE, NOSEY!!

ON RETURNING TO THE STUDIO, THEY FIND VAN RUBENS DEAD!



A NOTE! "DEAR TERRY, I'M DOING THIS BECAUSE I'M A KILLER, I DON'T KNOW HOW, BUT EVERYONE I'VE PAINTED HAS DIED! THE SHOCK OF SEEING THEIR FACES SO TRULY DEPICTED WAS THE BLOW THAT DID IT! IN NOSEY'S CASE, HE FAINTED, WHICH RELIEVED THE SHOCK! MISS MCKEE'S PORTRAIT SMEARED, DESTROYING ITS ACCURACY!—THIS IS THE ONLY WAY OUT FOR ME!"



Raphael Van Rubens

SAY, TERRY, THIS FINGERPRINT IS **UNDER** THE WRITING!

YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE! HE COULDN'T HAVE WRITTEN IT AFTER HE KILLED HIMSELF!



WHAT'S THAT?

I HOPE IT'S THE KILLER RETURNING TO THE SCENE OF HIS CRIME!

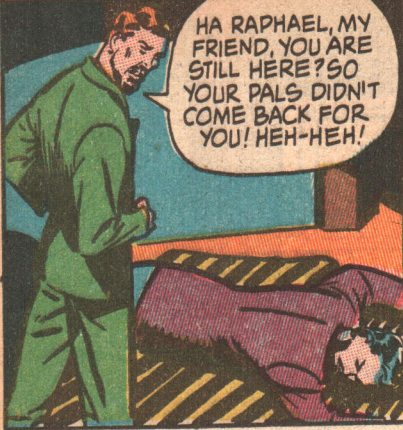


HEY, TERRY! LET'S DUCK BEHIND ONE OF THOSE FRAMES!—NOBODY CAN TELL THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE REAL PEOPLE AND HIS PICTURE!



SWELL IDEA, NOSEY!

And SURE ENOUGH...



HA RAPHAEL, MY FRIEND, YOU ARE STILL HERE? SO YOUR PALS DIDN'T COME BACK FOR YOU! HEH-HEH!

WAIT A MINUTE! THOSE TWO PAINTINGS ARE THE SAME! -ONE BLINKED!...IT ISN'T A PAINTING...IT'S A MAN!



WELL, HE'S DEAD NOW!...NO, HE DUCKED!



CRACK! CRACK!

NO MORE MURDERS FOR YOU, RAT!

AAAGH!



YES, I MURDERED VAN RUBENS AND THE OTHERS TOO! I HID BEHIND A FRAME AS YOU DID, AND KILLED THEM WITH A SMALL BLOW-GUN! I HATED HIM! HE SPOILED ALL MY CHANCES OF GETTING THIS COMMISSION BY SPREADING REPORTS THAT I WAS A DOPE FIEND... HE DESERVED TO DIE!



NEXT DAY ON TIMES SQUARE...

HE GOES ON TRIAL NEXT WEEK! -SAID HE'D PLEAD GUILTY!

HEY!



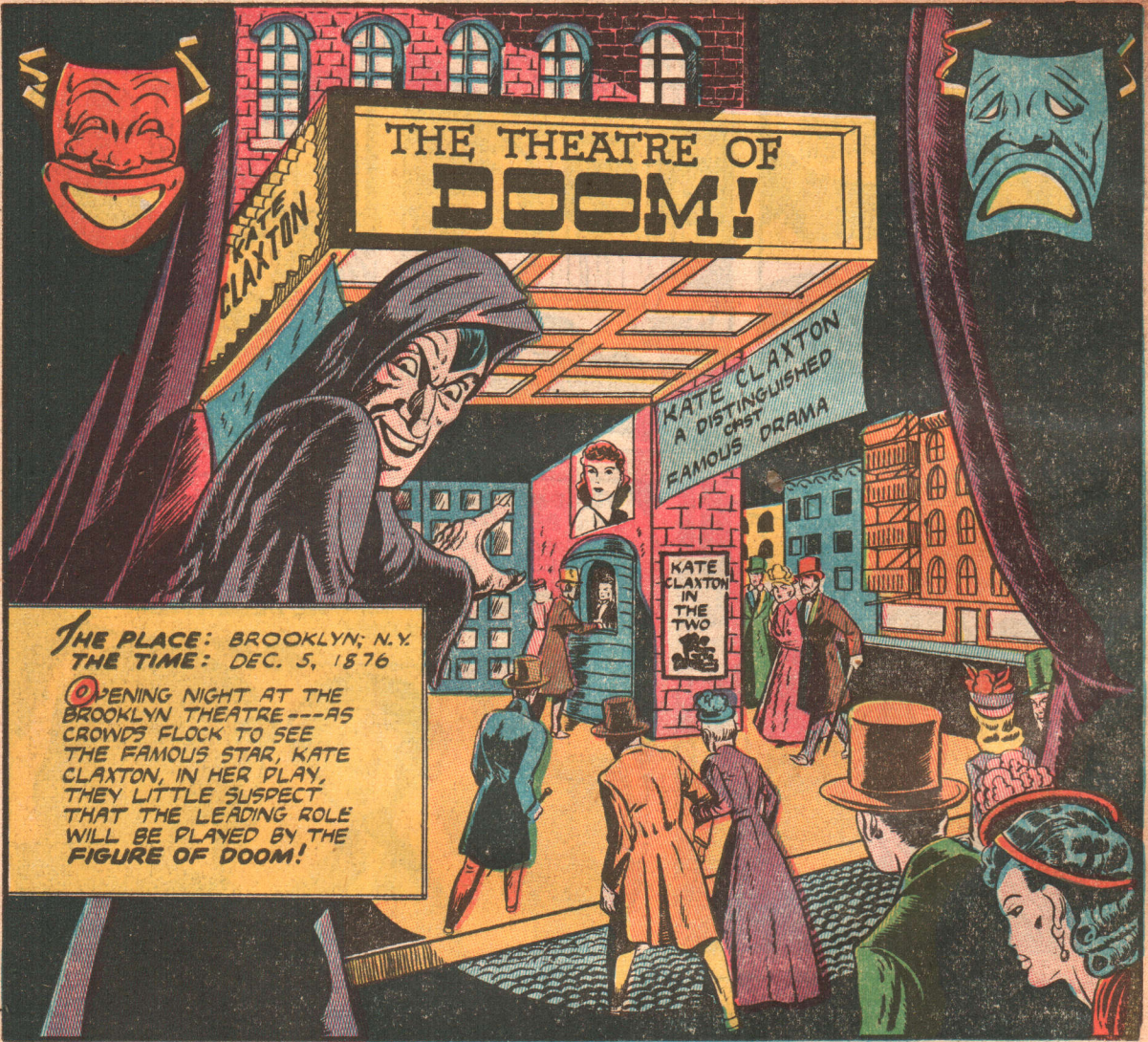
GANGWAY! A SIDEWALK PHOTOGRAPHER! NO MORE PICTURES FOR ME!

HA!
HA!
HA!

HUH?



The End



THE PLACE: BROOKLYN, N.Y.
THE TIME: DEC. 5, 1876

OPENING NIGHT AT THE BROOKLYN THEATRE---AS CROWDS FLOCK TO SEE THE FAMOUS STAR, KATE CLAXTON, IN HER PLAY, THEY LITTLE SUSPECT THAT THE LEADING ROLE WILL BE PLAYED BY THE **FIGURE OF DOOM!**

BACKSTAGE, IN THE STAR'S DRESSING ROOM, JUST BEFORE THE PLAY STARTS, MAUDE HARRISON STEPS IN TO VISIT KATE CLAXTON!!

GOOD LUCK, KATE! SAY--WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU'RE NOT SICK?

NO---! BUT I FEEL STRANGE, MAUDE! AS IF SOMETHING'S GOING TO HAPPEN!

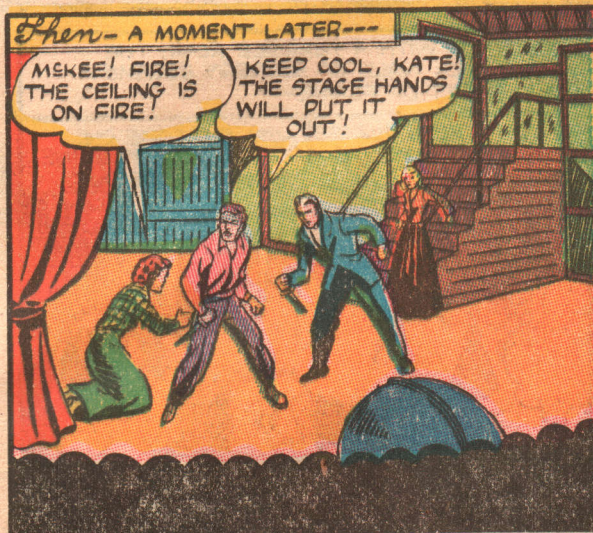
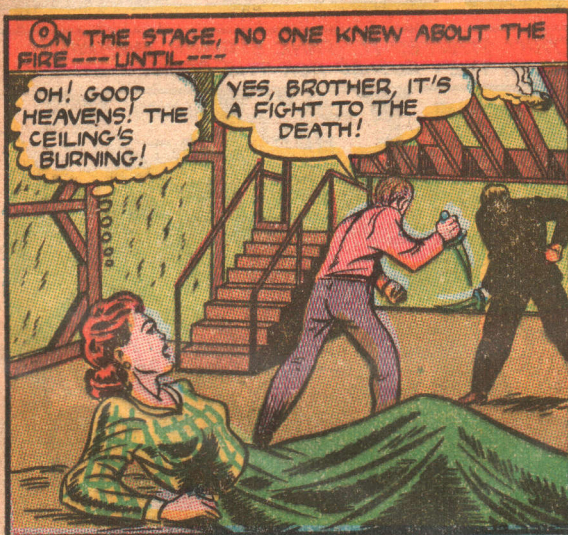
DON'T BE SILLY, KATE! FORGET THAT CRAZY FORTUNE-TELLER!

I CAN'T! SHE SAID TO ME---"BEWARE! THE HAND OF FATE POINTS AT YOU!"

OVERTURE!

OVERTURE!

KATE CLAXTON'S FEARS SEEMED UNFOUNDED---ALL WENT WELL UNTIL ACT 5--AND THEN--**FIRE!**



WHEN KATE CLAXTON SPOKE TO THE AUDIENCE---AND HER QUIET WORDS HELD BACK THE PANIC!

WAIT! DON'T BE FRIGHTENED!
SEE! WE'RE BETWEEN YOU
AND THE FIRE! SIT STILL!
YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT!

HOW?



BUT THE FLAMES SPREAD AND FEAR STRIKES THE AUDIENCE---

LET THOSE IN THE BACK GO
FIRST! THEN THE WAY WILL
BE CLEAR FOR THE
REST!

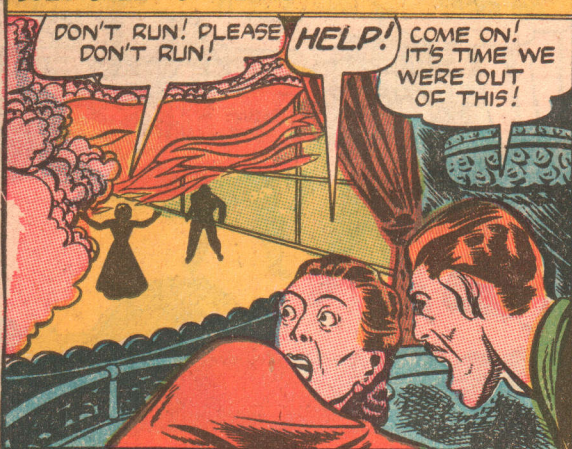


SUDDENLY, WITH A TERRIBLE ROAR, THE WHOLE BACK WALL OF SCENERY BECAME A SOLID SHEET OF FLAME---

DON'T RUN! PLEASE
DON'T RUN!

HELP!

COME ON!
IT'S TIME WE
WERE OUT
OF THIS!



THAT STARTED IT! PANIC STRIKEN, MAD WITH FEAR, THEY RUSHED FOR THE DOOR!

LET US
OUT!

HELP!
HELP!

HURRY!



KATE! KATE! SAVE YOURSELVES!
I CAN'T GO
YET!

I KNEW IT! IT'S THE
HAND OF FATE POINT-
ING TO ME!



OH, LORD!
HELP ME
STOP
THEM!

GO SLOWLY!
YOU'LL ALL
GET OUT!



THEN--A FLASH AND A ROAR! THE BLAST OF FLAME REACHED OUT ALMOST TO THE BALCONY.



THE LAST TO LEAVE--

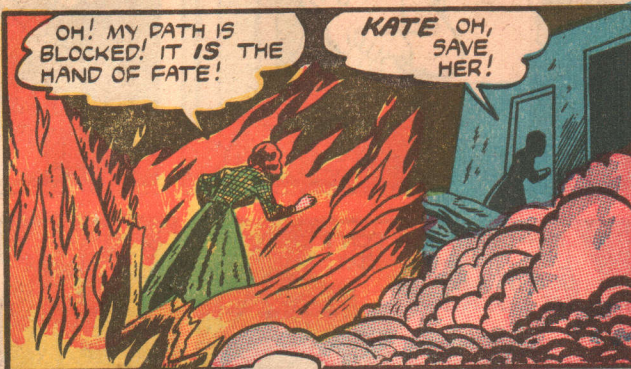
TAKE YOUR TIME! YOU'LL--

I CAN'T STAY ANY LONGER!

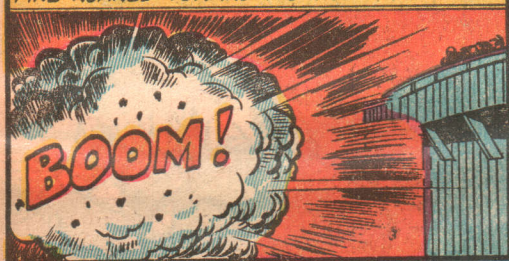


OH! MY PATH IS BLOCKED! IT IS THE HAND OF FATE!

KATE OH, SAVE HER!



NEXT MINUTE, AN EXPLOSION---AND THE FIRE ROARED TOWARD ITS VICTIMS!



STAMPEDE! PANIC!

HELP!

LEMME OUT!



THE ONLY EXIT---

HELP! HELP!

GET OUTTA MY WAY!



AND THEN, RIPPED FROM ITS MOORINGS BY ITS ENORMOUS WEIGHT, THE STAIR LANDING CRASHED DOWN!

AI-EEH!

SAVE US!!



BUT OFF FROM THE STAGE, KATE HAS DASHED TO THE CELLAR!

DROP THOSE THINGS, MAUDE! COME QUICKLY, OR WE'LL BOTH DIE!



THERE! IT'S OPEN! THIS TUNNEL LEADS OUT FRONT-- UNDER THE AUDITORIUM!

I NEVER KNEW SUCH A THING EXISTED!



ON THE PASSAGE---

MAUDE, I JUST THOUGHT--WHAT IF THE BOX OFFICE TRAPPED DOOR IS LOCKED! IT'S A SPRING LOCK!

THEN WE'LL BE BENEATH THIS TERRIBLE FIRE!



OH--DEAR GOD! DON'T LET IT BE LOCKED! DON'T LET IT BE LOCKED!



NOW THEY MUST GET TO THE STREET-- TO SAFETY! BUT AGAINST THAT MAD CROWD IN THE LOBBY IT SEEMED THEY'D NEVER BURST OPEN THE DOOR!

OH, KATE! I JUST CAN'T! IT WON'T MOVE!

PUSH! WE MUST OPEN THE DOOR OR WE'LL BE BURNED ALIVE IN HERE!



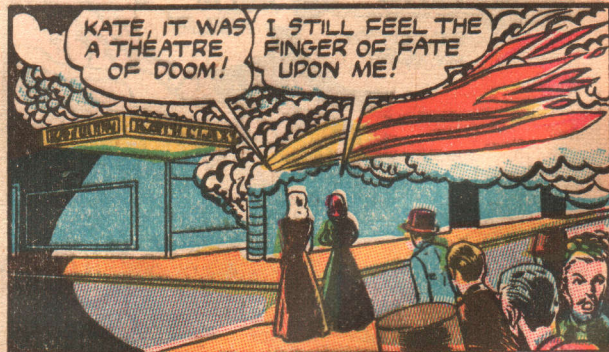
MAUDE, LOOK! THE STAIRCASE GAVE WAY AND CRASHED THROUGH THE LOBBY FLOOR--- INTO THE CELLAR!

COME ON! HERE'S THE OUTSIDE DOOR!



KATE, IT WAS A THEATRE OF DOOM!

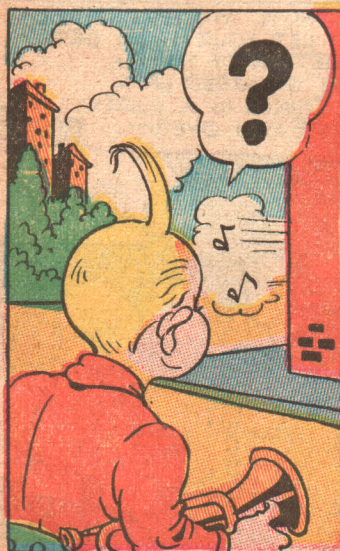
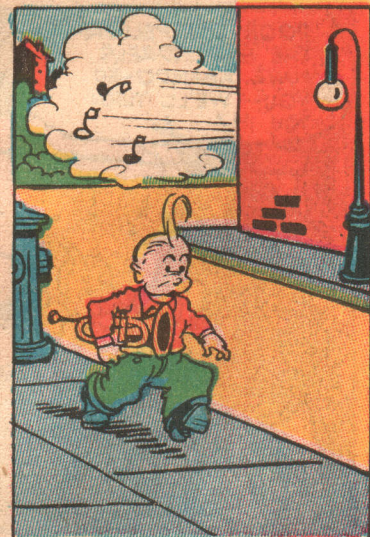
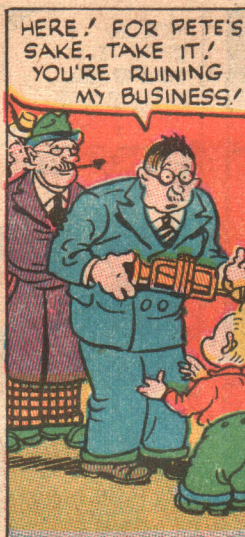
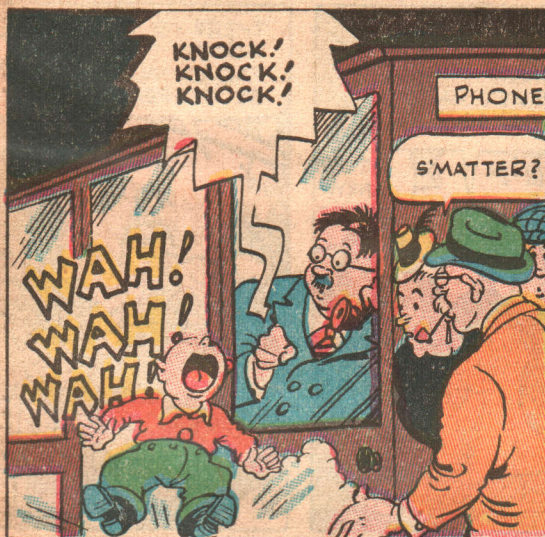
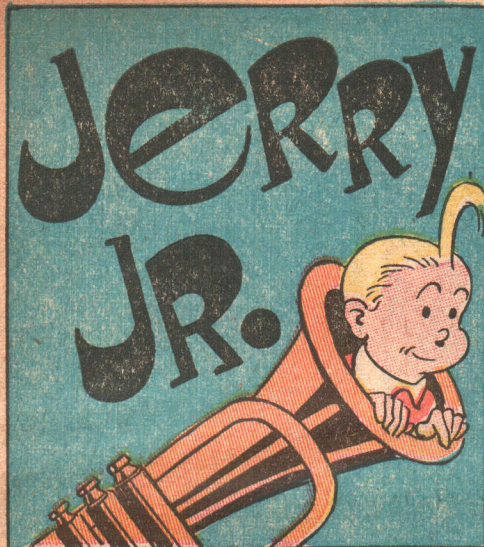
I STILL FEEL THE FINGER OF FATE UPON ME!

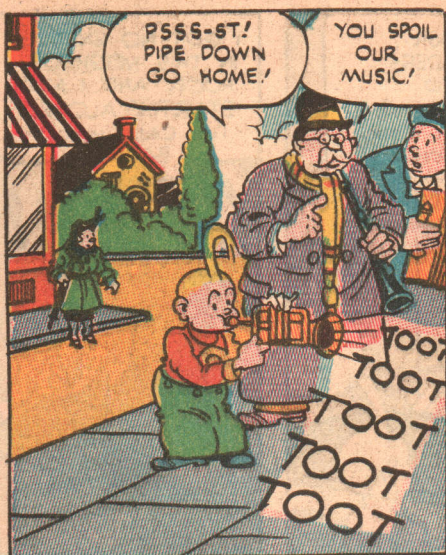


AFTER THAT PEOPLE SAID, "KATE CLAXTON'S UNLUCKY"! FIRE'S FOLLOWED HER EVERYWHERE! THE SHOW BECAME KNOWN AS A "HOODOO"---

WAS IT THE HAND OF FATE?

ANOTHER TRUE PERSONAL ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF POWER COMICS!!



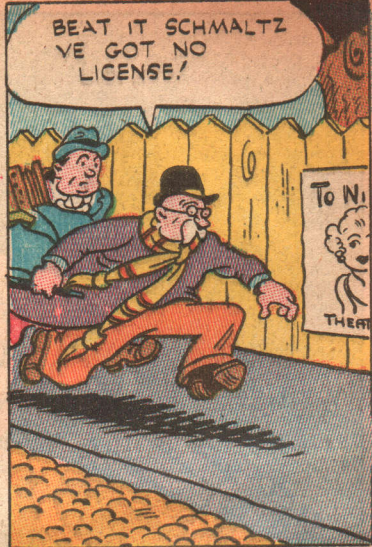


PSSS-ST!
PIPE DOWN
GO HOME!

YOU SPOIL
OUR
MUSIC!



YOU OUGHT TO BE
ASHAMED OF YOURSELF!
THAT CHILD IS UNDER
AGE! I'LL NOTIFY
THE POLICE!



BEAT IT SCHMALTZ
VE GOT NO
LICENSE!



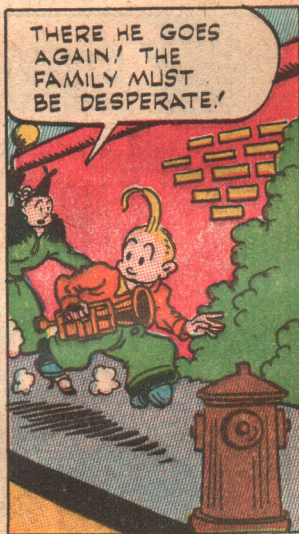
POOR LIL' FELLER---
THE SCOUNDRELS
HAVE ABANDONED
YOU-- WE'LL TURN
YOU IN!



IT'S A
PITY! I
FOUND HIM
WITH SOME
MUSICIANS!

WHY, THAT'S
THE HOPPER'S
CHILD--! THEY
MUST HAVE
HAD REVERSES!

WE
NEVER
KNEW!



THERE HE GOES
AGAIN! THE
FAMILY MUST
BE DESPERATE!



HAVE YOU HEARD THE
LATEST? THE HOPPERS
ARE UP AGAINST IT!

NO!
AND TOO
PROUD TO
ASK HELP!
WE MUST
DO SOME-
THING!



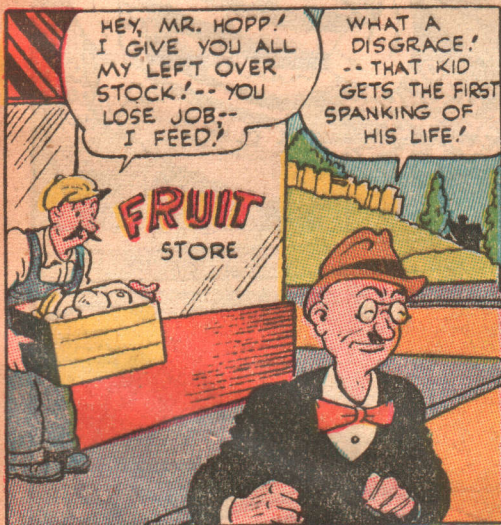
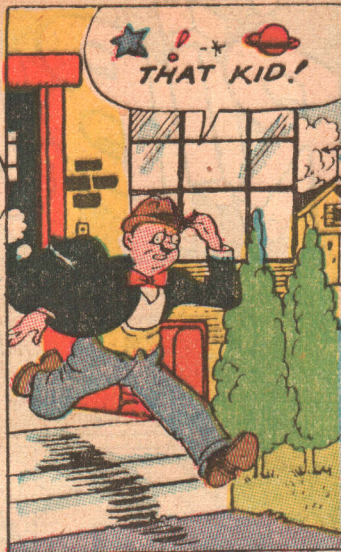
GOOD EVENING
MR. HOPPER!
WE'VE COME TO
HELP IN OUR OWN
SMALL WAY!
PLEASE ACCEPT!

SAY!
WHAT
IS
THIS?

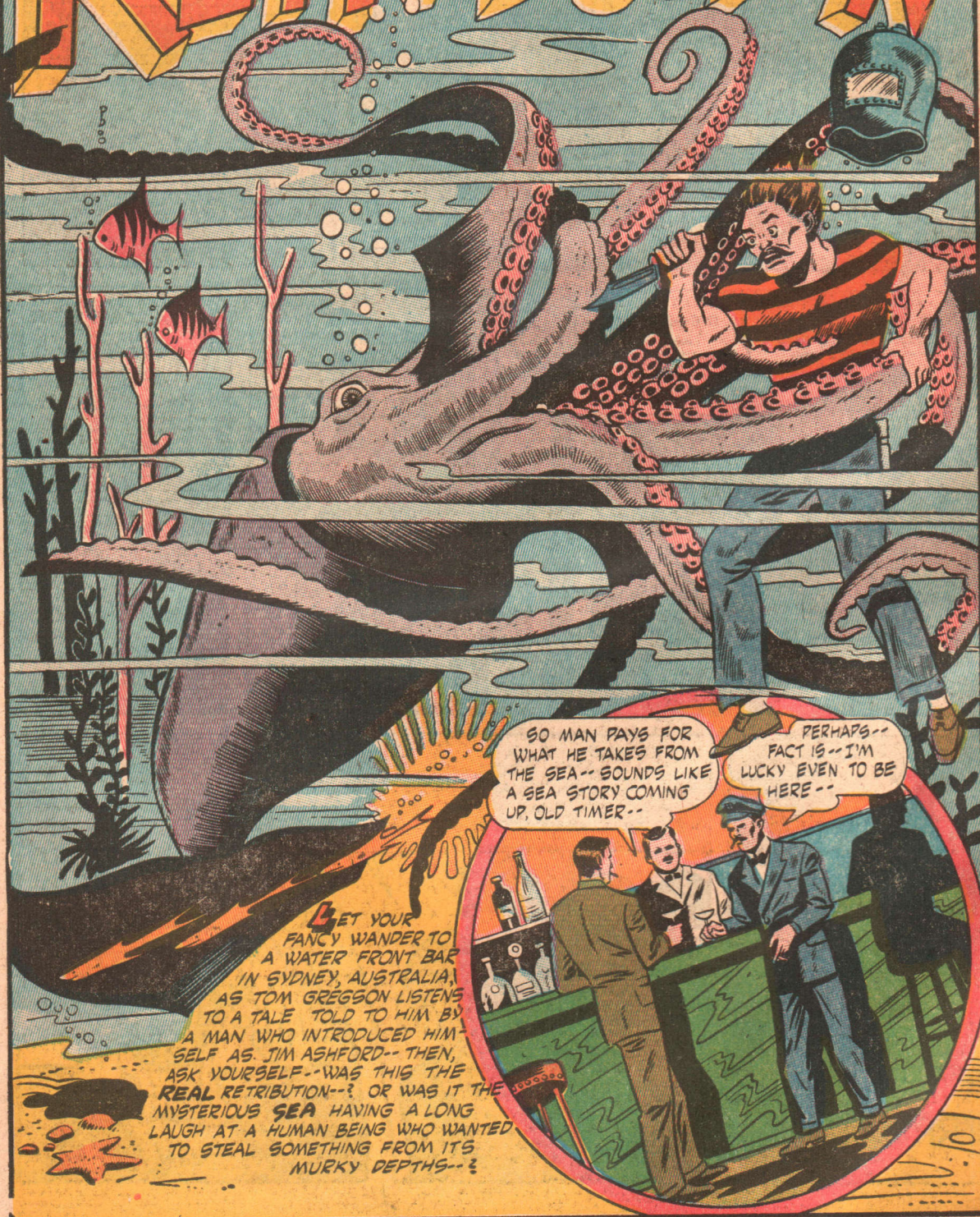


NOW, NOW, MISTER HOPPER--
DON'T LET YOUR PRIDE GET
THE BETTER OF YOU!--
WE'VE GATHERED UP A
FEW THINGS IN A HURRY
TO TIDE YOU OVER--

PU-LEEZE--
EXPLAIN!



RETRIBUTION



SO MAN PAYS FOR
WHAT HE TAKES FROM
THE SEA-- SOUNDS LIKE
A SEA STORY COMING
UP, OLD TIMER--

PERHAPS--
FACT IS-- I'M
LUCKY EVEN TO BE
HERE--

LET YOUR
FANCY WANDER TO
A WATER FRONT BAR
IN SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA,
AS TOM GREGGON LISTENS
TO A TALE TOLD TO HIM BY
A MAN WHO INTRODUCED HIM-
SELF AS JIM ASHFORD-- THEN,
ASK YOURSELF-- WAS THIS THE
REAL RETRIBUTION--? OR WAS IT THE
MYSTERIOUS SEA HAVING A LONG
LAUGH AT A HUMAN BEING WHO WANTED
TO STEAL SOMETHING FROM ITS
MURKY DEPTHS--?

OLD ASHFORD THEN TOLD HIM OF HIS QUEST FOR PEARLS IN THE ISLANDS, AND THE DANGERS HE ENCOUNTERED--

I HAD HEARD OF THE RICH PEARL BEDS IN THE TUAMOTO GROUP-- I TOOK THREE MONTH'S SUPPLIES ABOARD MY BOAT, AND WENT THERE!

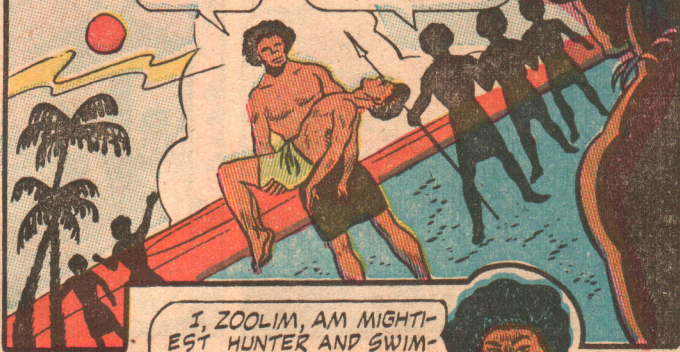
I'VE HEARD THE NATIVES THERE ARE STILL A BUNCH OF UNCIVILIZED CANNIBALS!



"THAT'S TRUE-- TEN YEARS AGO A NATIVE TABOO WAS PUT ON THE WATERS SURROUNDING THE ISLE OF MAIKA IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT LONG AGO--"

OH GREAT CHIEF.... MY SON HAS BEEN KILLED BY THE DEMON THAT DWELLS IN THE PEARL BEDS!

THE PLACE IS TABOO-- I FORBID ANYONE TO GO INTO THOSE WATERS!

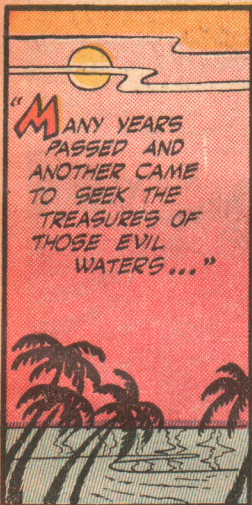
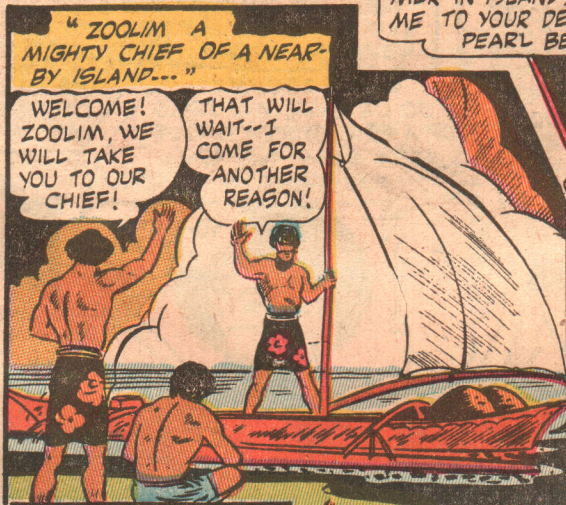


I, ZOOLIM, AM MIGHTIEST HUNTER AND SWIMMER IN ISLANDS-- TAKE ME TO YOUR DEMON AND PEARL BEDS--

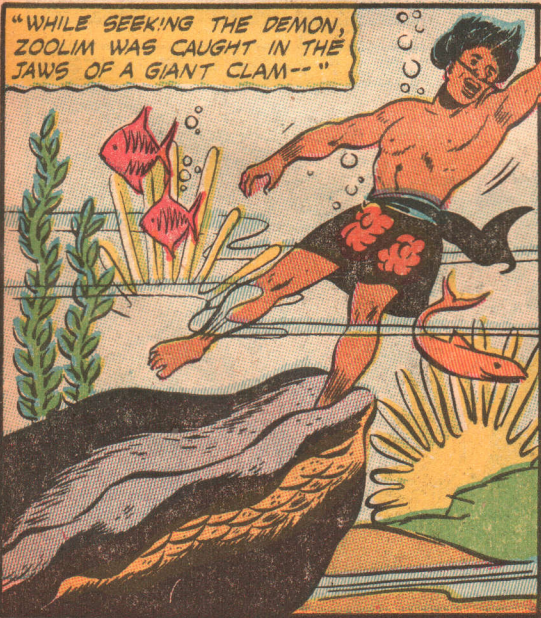
"ZOOLIM A MIGHTY CHIEF OF A NEAR-BY ISLAND--"

WELCOME! ZOOLIM, WE WILL TAKE YOU TO OUR CHIEF!

THAT WILL WAIT-- I COME FOR ANOTHER REASON!

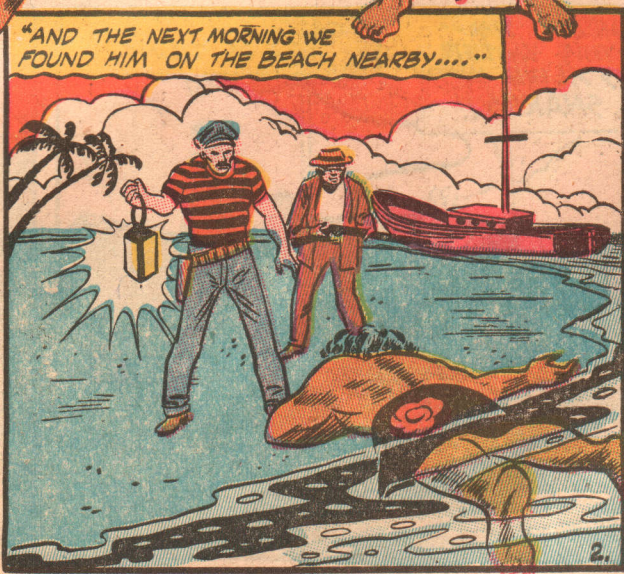


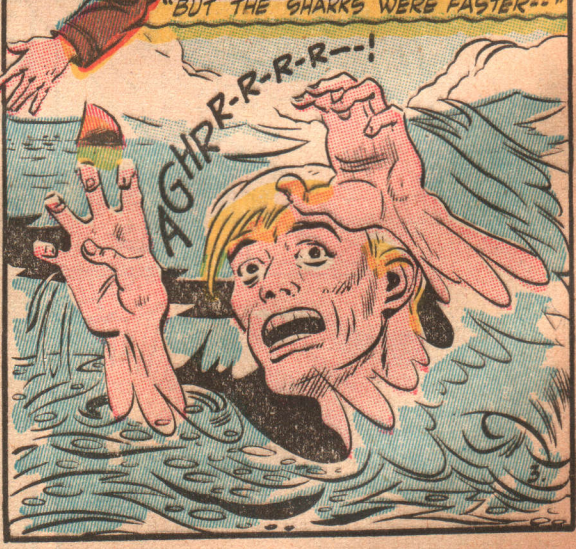
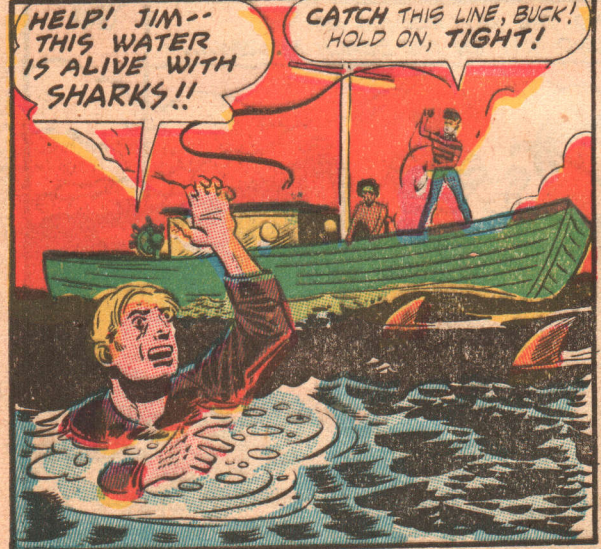
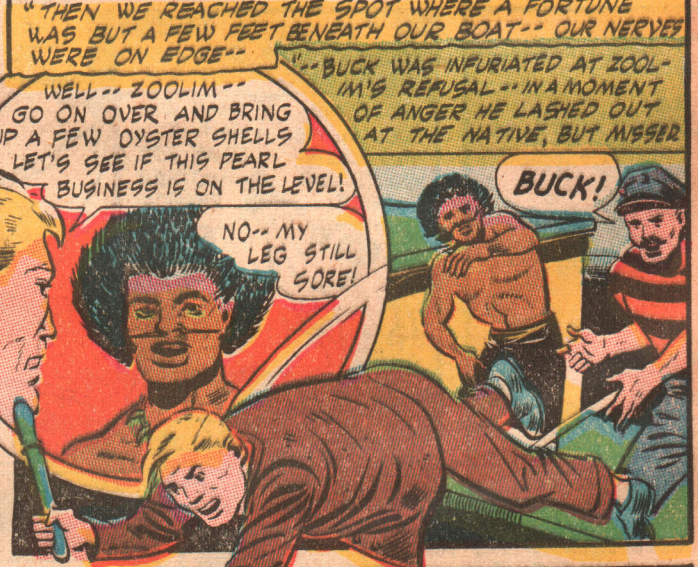
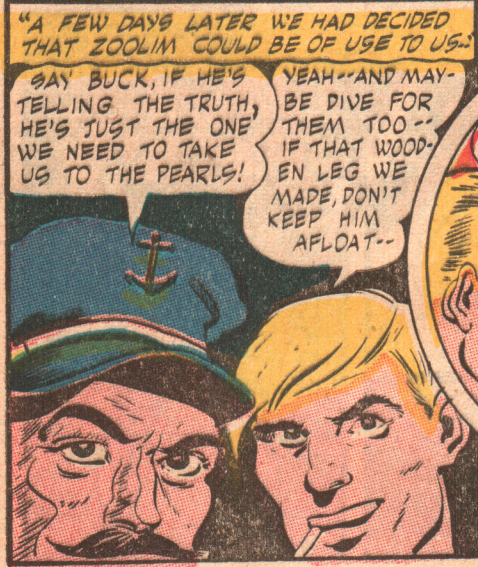
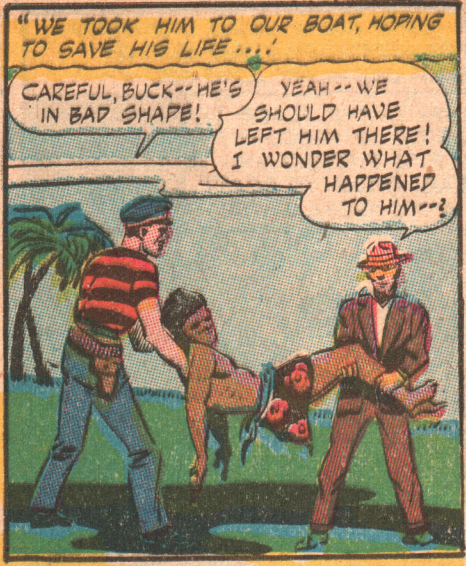
"MANY YEARS PASSED AND ANOTHER CAME TO SEEK THE TREASURES OF THOSE EVIL WATERS..."



"WHILE SEEKING THE DEMON, ZOOLIM WAS CAUGHT IN THE JAWS OF A GIANT CLAM--"

"AND THE NEXT MORNING WE FOUND HIM ON THE BEACH NEARBY...."







"I REALIZED THAT, WITH BUCK GONE, THE ONLY ONE LEFT TO HELP ME GET THE PEARLS WAS ZOOLIM-- SO I MADE A BARGAIN--"

A BARGAIN?



"YES.... I STILL HAD MY DIVING EQUIPMENT...IF I COULD ONLY PUT IT TO USE-- I TOLD ZOOLIM, WITH MY BOAT, HE COULD BE A GREAT CHIEF OF MANY ISLANDS...."

LOOK, ZOOLIM... I NEED YOUR HELP-- IF YOU WILL HELP ME GET THOSE PEARLS, I WILL GIVE THIS BOAT TO YOU!

WHAT YOU WANT ME TO DO?



"I ATTEMPTED TO EXPLAIN THE DIVING GEAR TO ZOOLIM--"

-- THIS HELMET YOU WEAR ON YOUR HEAD... YOU CAN STAY UNDER WATER MANY HOURS-- I PUMP THE AIR DOWN TO YOU WITH THIS PUMP--

WAIT! YOU SHOW ME HOW TO WORK PUMP-- YOU MAKE DIVE WITH WATER HAT--

GOOD HEAVENS! YOU DON'T MEAN YOU TRUSTED YOUR LIFE IN THE HANDS OF THIS SAVAGE?

I HAD TO!! AFTER ALL, ZOOLIM WAS A SMART SAVAGE-- BESIDES THAT-- I TRUSTED HIM!



"AFTER I HAD THOROUGHLY COACHED HIM IN THE OPERATION OF THE DIVING EQUIPMENT, I WAS READY TO GO OVER FOR THE FIRST TIME."

WELL, ZOOLIM, WE'LL SOON SEE IF WHAT YOU SAY ABOUT THE PEARLS IS TRUE --

REMEMBER-- BE CAREFUL OF GIANT CLAM NEAR CORAL REEF--

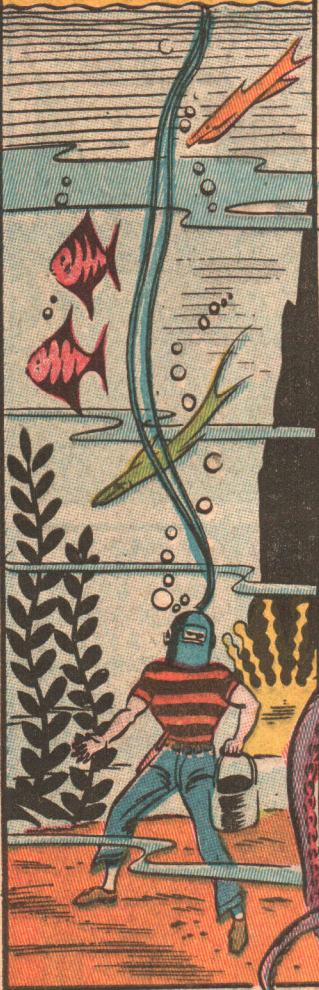


"I CAME UP LATER-- AND FOR AN HOUR'S WORK, I HAD A FORTUNE IN MY HANDS --"

THEY'RE -- THEY'RE BEAUTIFUL! WITH A FEW MORE LIKE THIS I COULD-- ZOOLIM! HAVE THINGS READY TO DIVE AGAIN IN THE MORNING...!

STILL MUCH DANGER! BETTER WE GO NOW!

"BUT, ON THE FOLLOWING DAY I DOVE AGAIN, IGNORING ZOO LIM'S WARNING--"

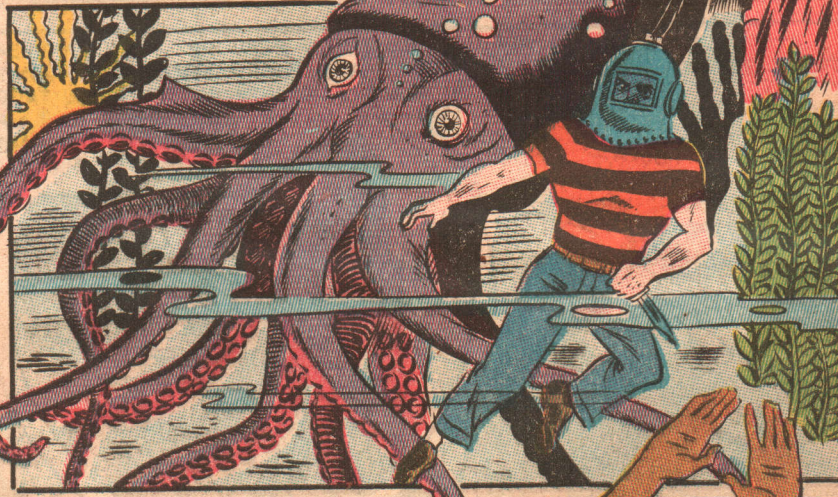
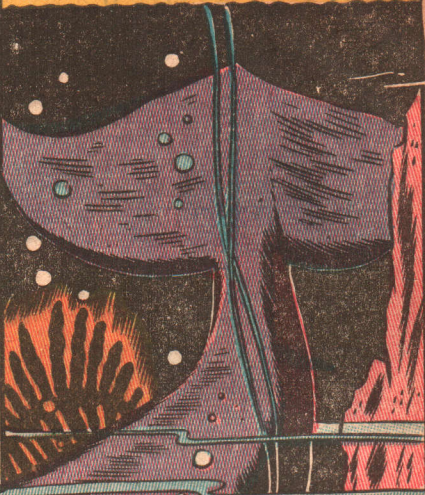


WHEN--

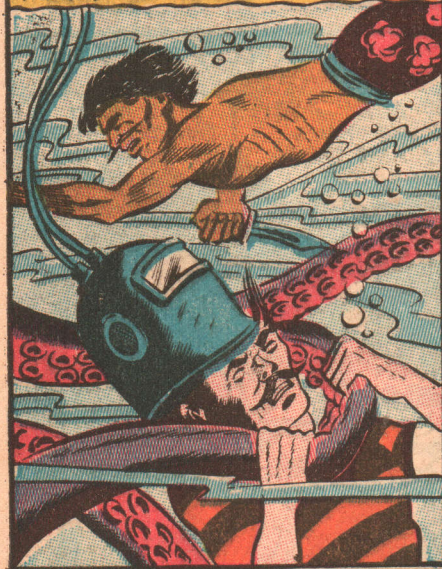
THE WATER TURNS BLACK!
IT IS THE DEMON!



AND THERE IT WAS-- A HIDEOUS TERRIFYING DEMON...A SQUID!!

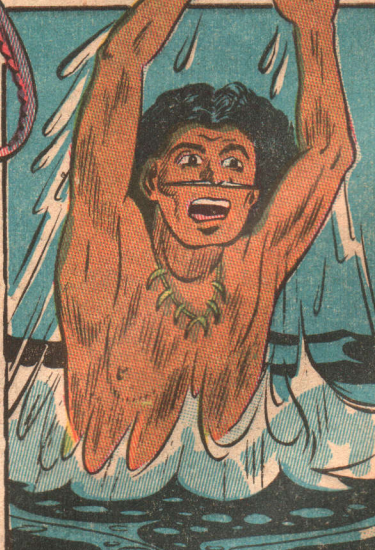
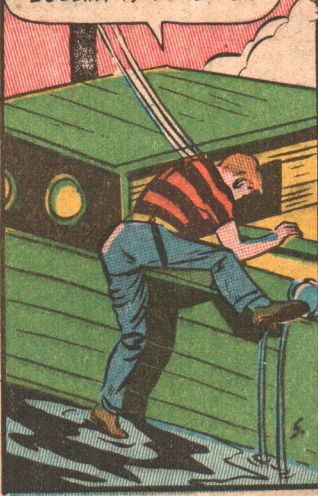


AND SUDDENLY... ZOO LIM WAS DOWN THERE, HELPING ME--



"SOMEHOW-- I SHOT TO THE SURFACE, FREE OF THE DIVING HELMET--"

I'M AFRAID POOR ZOO LIM IS DONE FOR!



BUT, AT THE SAME INSTANT HE CAME UP, TOO--!

"I QUICKLY GOT ZOOLIM ABOARD,
AND DECIDED TO GET AWAY FROM
THERE AT ONCE --"

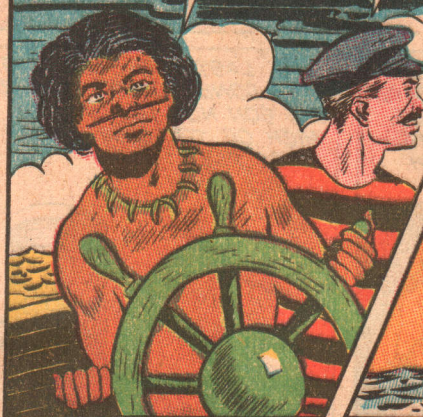
ZOOLIM, IF IT HADN'T
BEEN FOR YOU, I'D
BE DEAD NOW--

YOU
SAVE MY
LIFE ONCE--
WE EVEN
NOW--



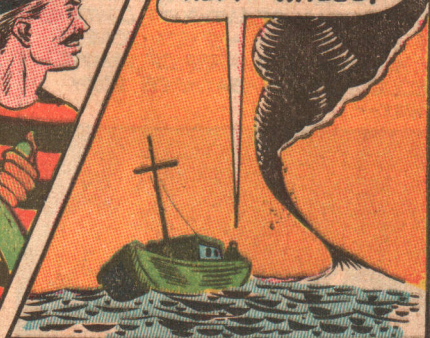
YOU GOT PEARLS
NOW, ASHFORD--WHEN
YOU GIVE ME BOAT?
I WANT TO RETURN TO
MY VILLAGE--"

SOON AS WE REACH
SYDNEY, ZOOLIM--
WAIT-- WHAT'S
THAT??"



"I TURNED AND
SAW SOMETHING
THAT STRUCK TERR-
OR INTO MY HEART--"

TYPHOON!
LASH YOURSELF
TO MAST-- I
KEEP WHEEL!



"I DID AS ZOOLIM DIRECTED-- LASHED MYSELF TO
THE MAST OF THE SHIP-- I HAD THE PEARLS IN
AN OILSKIN POUCH AROUND MY NECK--"



"BUT
THE SEA CLAIMED
ZOOLIM-- HE WAS WASHED
OVERBOARD! THREE DAYS
LATER I WAS PICKED UP BY A
FIGHTING BOAT AND BROUGHT BACK
TO SYDNEY--"



I SUPPOSE THE PEARLS
BROUGHT YOU A TIDY
SUM. HERE IN SYDNEY?

NO! I STILL
HAVE THEM--
WOULD YOU CARE
TO SEE THEM?



JUST THEN--
DO YOU KNOW
THOSE FELLOWS
BEHIND YOU?

OH! THERE YOU ARE
ASHFORD-- I'VE BEEN
LOOKING ALL OVER
FOR YOU!



THERE--THERE NOW-- YOU
CAN SHOW THE GENTLEMAN
YOUR PEARLS SOME OTHER
TIME

AW--YOU NEVER
LET ME HAVE ANY
FUN!



SAY! BARTENDER,
WHO WAS THAT
GUY? HAS HE
REALLY GOT
PEARLS--

PEARLS? SAY,
THAT'S GOOD!
LAST TIME
HE WAS HERE,
IT WAS ~~DIAMONDS~~
I GUESS DOC.
ZOOLIM AT THE
HOSPITAL GAVE
HIM SOME BLACK
MARBLES, THIS
TIME TO PLAY WITH--
HE'S CRAZY!

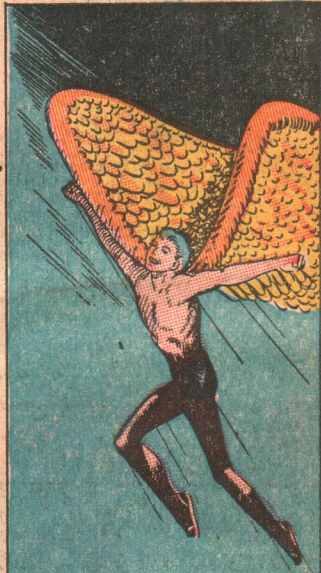
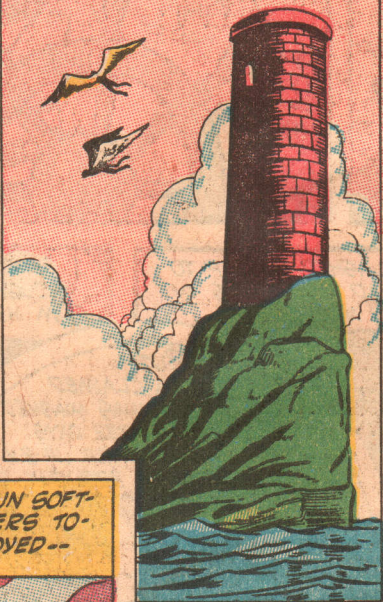


The Fable Of Daedalus & Icarus

IMPRISONED IN A TOWER, DAEDALUS, AN ARTISAN OF ANTIQUITY, CONTRIVED TO ESCAPE WITH HIS SON, ICARUS, BY MAKING TWO PAIRS OF WINGS, SECURING THE FEATHERS WITH WAX--

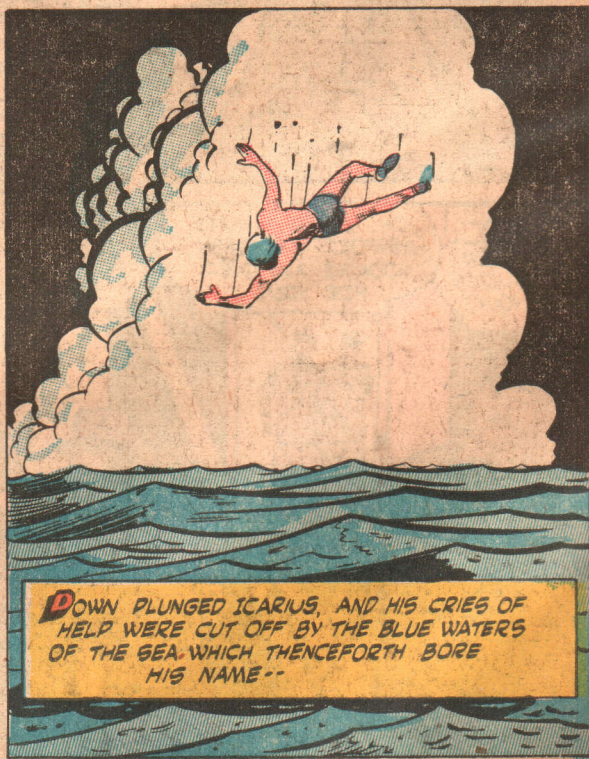
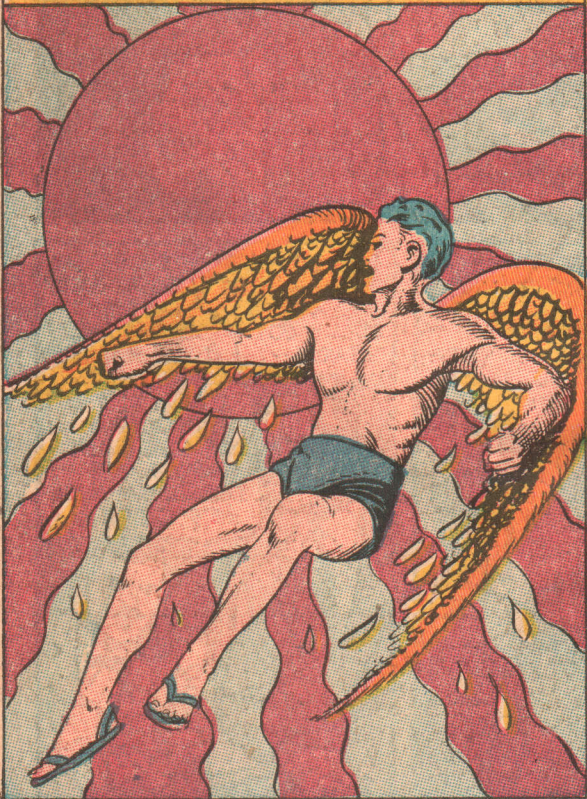


AT LAST THE GREAT TASK WAS DONE-- DAEDALUS WARNED HIS SON NOT TO FLY TOO HIGH OR TOO LOW-- THEN THEY FLEW OFF--



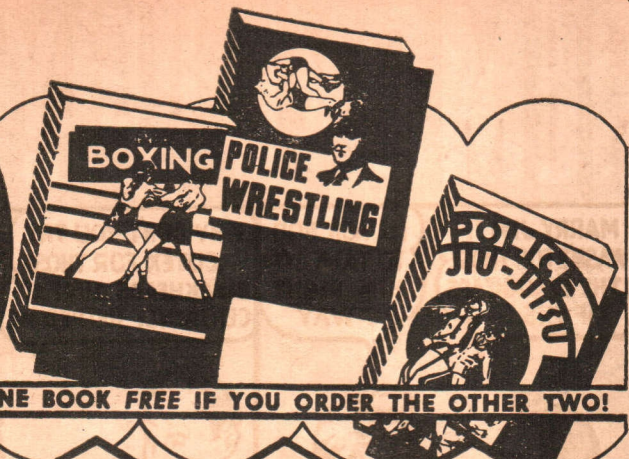
The boy exulted in his new career, and left the guidance of his father, soaring upward as if to reach heaven--

BUT THE NEARNESS OF THE BLAZING SUN SOFTENED THE WAX WHICH HELD THE FEATHERS TOGETHER, AND THE WINGS WERE DESTROYED--



DOWN PLUNGED ICARIUS, AND HIS CRIES OF HELP WERE CUT OFF BY THE BLUE WATERS OF THE SEA, WHICH THENCEFORTH BORE HIS NAME--

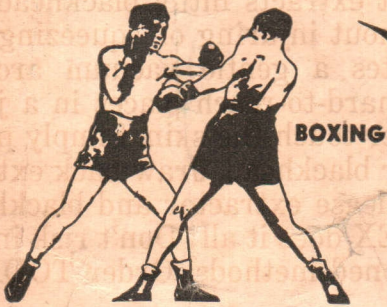
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